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Meet East

Before you read this, I'd like to tell you that it's just an introduction and that you should only read it if you want to know some extra background information and, yes, I know it's boring. Most of this is repeated in the future, but parts of is aren't. This is just to show you what East Germany's life has been like leading up to this moment as I won't go into much detail about it in the story.

(East Germany's pov)

I am East Germany, but most people call me East. I really don't know how I'm still alive, since I no longer have a country. Countryhumans without a country shouldn't be alive. I live with my father.

Well... he's not my real father. My father died before I was born. Of course, my mom, Japanese Empire, didn't know that when she first sent me and my twin brother to live with my dad the day after we were born.

Our boat was intercepted by America rather early in our journey. The more I think about it, the more lucky I realize I am to be alive. When the Americans, accompanied by British forces, went through the things on the boat, they were shocked to find two infant countryhumans on the boat.

To our luck, the USA actually bothered himself to come. He knew who our father was and knew that our country would not only be split, but that we'd need guidance until we are actually old enough to run the country ourselves. Instead of taking us to his country, like most countryhumans would've done, he decided to take us to our half brother so that he could take care of us until he, Britain, France, and USSR figured out how to split the country.

Of course, this is just what West and I were told. We were infants at

the time and don't remember any of it and USA probably warped the truth a bit to make himself sound like a better person.

West got a good education and was taught how to act correctly in any formal setting. West knew things that I didn't see as important growing up. He was taught how to set a table properly, how to address people in an appropriate manner depending on a setting.

We were raised differently though. The USSR, the country I was entrusted to, didn't want to deal with anymore children, especially after his wife left for the milk. According to Poland, the USSR literally threw me and Poland just happened to catch me. Poland obviously didn't want to deal with me either, especially since I was the son of the country he hated most, but what choice did he have?

Most of my childhood was wrought with stealing food, fights with some of USSR's kids, and careful observation that I'm guessing was to make sure I didn't try anything rash like my biological father did.

Poland and Ukraine taught me most of my fighting skills. Ukraine was only two years older than me, but constant fights with her older brother Russia toughened her up from a young age. Belarus and Poland's sister, Lithuania, taught me about stealth and how to steal food without getting caught. I most closely studied Belarus though. She never got caught. In fact, she managed to become one of USSR's favorites like Russia.

West and I didn't meet until the Berlin wall came down. We knew about each other and knew that we were twins, but we were separated at such a young age that we felt almost as if we weren't even related. And to be honest, we still feel that way.

The person I consider my father is Poland. I mean, he did raise me. He doesn't let me call him Vater, father, dad, papa, ojciec, not a single name for a male parental figure you can think of. Eventually, I convinced him to let me call him Papa Poland. He only lets me call him that when we're alone though.

The House

(Poland's pov)

'Where is he?' I asked myself. 'He's normally up by now!' I just finished cooking breakfast. I looked up and the clock read five minutes 'til nine. I started to worry.

Suddenly, East Germany exited his room and entered the kitchen. His black hair was tossed around carelessly and he had put on his sunglasses. He was blind after all. He rubbed his eyes, exhausted. "You overslept," I said coldly. "Sorry Papa Poland! It won't happen again!" I nearly flinched when he called me that. Why would I agree to being called such a ridiculous name, even if we were alone?

"I stayed up late talking with Ukraine," East explained. "How's she doing in that fight with her big brother?" I asked. I was genuinely curious. We hadn't seen each other in a while and it was nice to catch up with old friends. East looked uncomfortable for a minute. "Well, things have obviously gotten complicated since the humans got involved." I nodded. Why did humans always have to complicate everything?

The front door crashed open and East and I turned to look, worry covering both our faces. USA. "Sup Poland!" he said as energetically as always. Our face shifted from worry to annoyance. "Hi, Ame," I replied with as little sarcasm as I could muster. "Did you have to break down the door?" I asked.

USA looked down at the door and I could see him break out into a cold sweat. "I'll fix that later," he promised. I rolled my eyes and thought to myself, 'Let me guess, you're gonna make me pay for it?'

"What do you want?" I asked. USA normally didn't come over unless he needed something. "Is there anywhere we could talk in private?" he asked. The way he cocked his head and the shake in his voice told me that it was more urgent than I had anticipated.

"Unfortunately, no," I said. I pointed at East. USA breathed a heavy sigh and looked at me more seriously than he had in a long time. "It might be best for you two to move," he said sternly. I was somewhat startled. It had been nearly eighty years since he spoke with so much maturity.

"What's going on?" I asked, narrowing my eyes unintentionally. "You know about Russia bombing Ukraine, right?" he asked. My heart wrenched. Of course I'd known about it. It was all over the news. Who knew a casual sibling argument could get this bad? Well, at least, it started out as an argument. Then the humans found out about it and before Russia and Ukraine knew it, they're forced to be at war! I nodded. "What's your point?" I stared daggers at him, but USA remained calm. "Some of those bombs are firing awfully close to the boarder... and to your apartment."

It was true that our apartment was close to the boarder with Ukraine, but surely they wouldn't be firing that close to the boarder. They would be risking antagonizing other countries, and with their amount of struggle with only being directly at war with Ukraine, it wouldn't be a good idea to risk such a thing.

"Surely they aren't firing that close," I said. "I wouldn't think they were either," USA admitted. "It seems unreasonable and I can only tell you one thing for sure: Russia himself wouldn't arrange an order like this. He may be young, but he's still smart enough to know basic risks." Once again I nodded.

(East Germany pov)

I listened carefully to the two countries talk. I agreed with USA. Russia may have been annoying, but he was reasonable. Of course, that's the only praise about him I could ever think of.

I could tell that USA was telling the truth about the bombing being closer to the boarder than expected. I understood why USA would worry. Poland's healing powers weren't as strong as they used to be. He used to just constantly bounce back, bringing himself back from the dead in seconds no matter how brutal the wounds. Recently though, he accidentally cut off his finger while chopping vegetables and it took a whole five minutes for it to reattach itself.

A lot of people have been thinking that Poland is just loosing one of his powers. But why? Normally, countryhumans only start to experience loss of their powers right after a serious injury and Poland hadn't died in eighty-five years! That was long before this started happening. The only other serious injury he'd received more recently was when he got his wings ripped off, and that was still a good sixty-four years ago.

Author's Note:

I'd like to mention that I'm writing this as of 2024 and my only source on the war between Russia and Ukraine is Google so some information might not be accurate.

Since this book does have a lot to do with history, expect a lot of sensitive countries. If you are uncomfortable with certain countries from WW2 and the Cold War, I'd suggest you not read this.

I might post once a week, but to be honest, it's probably gonna take longer than that. If you made it this far, thank you so much for reading past the first chapter!

Old Friends and Old Enemies

Warning: Swearing

(East Germany's pov)

Eventually, USA left. Poland and I went back to eating our breakfast. "I think he's right," I said without thinking about it. "What, that he's not a self-centered brat?" Poland asked. "Nein. The other thing."

"That he's richer than me?"

"Well I mean, he is. That's not what I'm talking about though."

"That he hasn't ever been late to anything?"

"He has, but again, not what I'm thinking of."

"Then just spill it."

"About how we should move away from the warzone!"

"Oh yeah..."

I knew I should've just said it. "So, should we?" I asked quietly. "I'll think about it." 'Ugh,' I thought to myself. 'That means he's probably not going to do it.'

Poland rustled my hair. "Snap out of it," he told me. I couldn't tell whether he was joking or annoyed. "Don't you think Admiral's dying for a walk?" he asked. Admiral was my service dog. Poland got the German Shepard for me just a couple years ago. Admiral was the best dog I could ever ask for.

I decided that I needed some fresh air. "Admiral! Come here boy!" I called. I could hear him running up to me and I held out my hand for the leash, knowing that he always puts it in my hand. As I felt it

enter my hand, I wrapped my fingers around it and began to feel around for the latch which the leash attaches to.

After all that was out of the way, Poland and I headed for the door and we shifted into our human forms. Every countryhuman has a human form so that they can live a normal life and not be constantly bombarded by newscasters and other humans. We also have human names that are based on common names in our country. Poland's human name is Antoni and mine is Carl (but this is useless information that doesn't come up again until the next book, and even then it's explained again).

(Poland's pov)

I heard another door open and looked over to see one of our human neighbors. She payed us no mind as we looked perfectly human. Admiral started sniffing her dress as she walked past. I pulled the dog back as the woman gave me a disdainful glare. "Sorry," I said quietly. She huffed and walked away. I self-consciously fidgeted with my dangly cross earrings.

I looked around at the bright green grass, the small trees, and the largely empty landscape. There weren't too many houses, but the few houses there were were close enough to still seem like a small community.

Most people ignored us. East and I weren't considered the most friendly people. We might tell you our names but nothing more than that. We don't want to reveal that we aren't human so we don't talk. It's as simple as that. I can tell East doesn't like doing it, being an extrovert by nature, but what choice did we have?

We walked away from the areas where humans normally went, just as we did everyday. I pulled out my World Knife and drew a circle in the air with it. I pulled the knife back as the air in the center of what I drew began to warp. A white portal slowly opened up. Once it was at its full size, East and I walked through. The white portal closed behind us and I looked around to see the familiar Countryhuman City. No humans could get in and no humans were to know about this place.

We shifted back into our flag forms.

East and I went into a coffee shop where we saw a familiar face: Ukraine. She looked horrible, covered in burn marks and the military outfit she wore was stained in blood. We walked over to her. She noticed us and smirked. "Sup, Poland," she said as she walked over to East. "Hi East!" She wrapped one arm around East's neck and balled up her fist as she placed it on his head and shook it. 'There she is,' I thought to myself. Seeing Ukraine look so sad was enough to make me sad. Seeing her back to being a half sweet, half annoying big sister figure to East was the best thing I'd seen or heard today.

Looking again at the burns on her, I decided to ask, "What happened?" She let go of East and looked at me with a stone cold glare. I knew she wasn't mad at me, but she was pretty pissed with someone, and I could guess who. "Ask my brother," she said in the coldest, most threatening voice I've ever heard from her. I looked across the room and sitting right on the other side was Russia, clearly trying to avoid eye contact with his sister.

The second he locked eyes with me, he knew he fucked up. I walked up to him. He towered over me like a skyscraper, but I showed no fear. "What the fuck did you do you son of a bitch?" I spat.

(East's pov)

I listened to the tense exchange. The only reason I knew something was wrong with Ukraine was because there was a slight shake in her voice. The shake was so small that the average person wouldn't notice. I already knew what happened. She had told me about it during our phone call last night.

An endless fire... So many people left homeless... So many lives lost...

Author's Note: Thanks for reading this far! I just want to mention that the strength of a countryhuman has nothing to do with the strength of the actual country.

The Meeting of the Nations

(Ukraine pov)

I could tell that Poland wanted to rip my brother's throat out. He wasn't going to though as Countryhuman City didn't allow fighting and Poland typically follows the rules.

I looked at East and could tell he was worrying about me. He may almost always seem joyful now, but I always wondered how he kept a straight face. I remember the day he went blind so clearly. He and I were sneaking food out of the kitchen like how we did once a week so we didn't starve. We'd never been caught before, so we were a bit careless.

I remember my blood run cold as **he** walked in. My father. The USSR. The Soviet Union. Whatever you want to call him. He stood unnaturally tall so that even Russia, who stood 213 centimeters (approximately 7 feet for Americans), looked short. I stared up at my father, turned on my heels, and ran out of the room, hoping that East followed.

I stopped when I heard a scream coming from the kitchen. It was East. Poland obviously heard the scream too as he came bolting down the hallway and dragged me with him. As we burst through the door, we saw my dad exiting on the other side of the room with blood dripping from his sickle. I could hear labored breathing and looked over to see East.

I could barely recognize him. He was covered in blood and unconscious. His clothes were torn horribly and there were massive scars all over him.

Poland ran over and his hands started to glow a golden hue. 'He's using his healing powers,' I thought to myself. I'd never seen Poland use his healing powers before, but I had been told that the worse the injury, the more tired he is afterwards. Unfortunately for East, he couldn't help with blood loss.

I watched Poland work. He placed a finger to the top of each wound and dragged his finger down. It worked almost like a zipper. After Poland was done, East was still unconscious. Poland seemed less worried. I saw that as a good sign. "He's going to be fine," Poland told me. I breathed a sigh of relief.

The next day, East opened his eyes. "I can't see!" he shouted. "Why is it so dark in here?"

'He can't see?' I asked myself. I looked over to Poland who seemed worried, but not shocked. He knew this would happen. Poland walked over to East and said, "East, calm down! You're blind!" I could see East's eyes widen. Poland continued to explain. "You lost too much blood. It caused you to go blind."

"Is that even possible?" I asked. Poland nodded.

I was pulled out of my memories by East hugging me. He was a good bit shorter than I was and was only able to reach my waist. "Are you okay?" he asked. I smiled. He always was the sweet one in the family.

(USA's pov)

I left Poland's house and entered my human form. I thought about the big Meeting approaching. I thought about my youngest child. He was a terrible person, I won't lie about that, but I still missed him. It would only be my second meeting without him. To think that it had been that many years since I last saw him.

At that second, my phone rang. I looked. It was China. The hell did she want? I answered. "And yet, I was having a nice day," I said into the phone. "Are you going to the Meeting of the Nations?" she asked. "Yes," I replied. "Good." There was a long pause. "Will you bring your children?" she asked me. "Only if they want to come. All of them are over 100 years old. They can make their own decisions." Another long silence. "If that's all you need to ask, then I'll be hanging up now." And so I did.

I've always hated her. From the moment I heard she and my son were engaged, I nearly lost it. I was right to not trust her though.

She was a bad influence and left my son with far too many kids for a single father to take care of. I will never forget what that little piece of shit did.

Author's note: The Meeting of the Nations is one day where countryhumans can do whatever the hell they want. They don't have to fight if they don't want to and if they do want to fight, they are allowed to beat the sh*t out of each other and nobody will stop them (that's why most countryhumans are nicer to each other as they get closer to the Meeting).

Russia's Story

Year: 1949

(Russia's pov)

I walked quietly around the house. Though, I, along with many others, found it to be more of a prison. The halls echoed my footsteps so I couldn't sneak around. Why would I need to? My отец (father) gave me everything I needed and besides, I was his favorite.

My отец wasn't the one I needed to worry about though. It was my mom. I made second in class this year. She would be infuriated, and nobody wants to see my mom mad. "Russia," a voice from behind me. It was a woman. My mom. I bolted down the hallway as fast as I could. My footsteps echoed so loudly that I wouldn't know if she was right behind me.

I finally reached a large metal door. I looked behind me to see if the woman was in sight. She wasn't. Good. I banged on the metal door as hard as I could. It opened slightly. "What do you want?" came the voice inside the room. Poland. "Please! I need your help!" I half yelled, half whispered. "What are you even worried about?" Poland asked calmly. "Made an A-, mom found out, help!" I said. Poland opened the door a little wider so that I could see his face. "Give me one good reason why I should help you," he said. "I'll give you anything!" I yelled. I had began to cry. I could hear my mom walking down the hallway. She was closing in. "Fine," Poland pulled me in by the hair and slammed the door. I was thrown down but honestly, that didn't matter as long as my mom didn't use her power on me. "East, show him a good place to hide," Poland called. East Germany walked up to me and pulled me to a ventilation shaft. He had surprising strength. 'Likely his power,' I thought to myself. I went inside the surprisingly large shaft and waited.

A gentle knock came to the door. I listened as it opened. "Where is he?" I could hear my mom ask. "I don't know what you're talking about," Poland replied in a chillingly calm tone. "WHERE. IS. HE?"

my mother asked again. "I told you I don't know, mother fucker." My mother growled at the Polish man. "Let me in," she told him. Poland allowed her to enter without hesitation. My heart nearly stopped. She walked directly in front of my hiding place. I held my breath, expecting the worst.

Then, she left.

I let out a sigh of relief. I crawled out of the vent and was met by East. He pulled me out. Poland met me as I was standing up. "So," he said. "Let's talk about what you owe us."

(Present day)

I looked down at Poland. "What the fuck did you do you son of a bitch?" I decided to say something back. "I was making plans and one of the humans stole them. I didn't want to go through with any of them."

He grabbed the collar of my shirt and threw me into the wall so hard that it cracked under the force. He looked at me as his eyes turned red and his pupils turned into thin lines. I noticed his teeth elongate. It reminded me of a family. Only one family has teeth that are so similar to a sharks.

"Your teeth..." I said aloud. His eyes widened and went back to normal as he covered his mouth with his hand and ran out the door.

My sister glared at me as if I had done something wrong. To be honest, I didn't know what happened either.

Honestly, this entire chapter was just me trying to move the plot along and, you know, actually start to answer at least one question. Anyway, think about who Russia's mom might be! I'd love to hear your theories!

The Sibling

(East's pov)

I ran out to look for my father. He never gets too far away from me, no matter what. I stopped for a few seconds to see if I could hear him. Countryhuman City isn't all that big, so It should be pretty easy to hear him considering that he never gets more than 36 meters (118 feet for Americans) away from me.

"Mr. Poland?" I called. He was farther away than I thought. I listened around and there he was. He was walking down the sidewalk. "Mr. Poland!" I called out so that he'd notice me before I got to him. Poland is one of those people that you don't ever sneak up on. **Ever.**

He ran over to me and I could hear the worry in his voice. "Are you okay? You're not feeling sick are you? Are there any cracks on your skin?"

"Poland, calm down! I'm not gonna die because you walked away from me."

"Right..." he gave a nervous chuckle, but I ignored it. "What happened back there?" I asked. He adverted his eyes and bit his lip. "I don't wanna talk about it."

'Great,' I thought to myself. 'He's going to avoid the topic, like he always does when somebody checks to make sure he's okay.' "Poland to East! Are you there?" he asked, pulling me out of my thoughts. I shook my head, "Yeah, I'm fine! What about yo-"

"Good. Hey, why don't we go talk to your brother West? I'm sure he'd love to see you!"

"But-"

"C'mon!" he said, dragging me across the pavement.

We approached the Countryhuman City Public Library. It was enormous. Well, I assume it was. Any document written in all of history was here. Even if it had been destroyed on Earth, there was still a copy of it here. This library was why so many countryhumans were so well educated.

My dog Admiral guided me to the doors with Poland. I listened to them creak open. Poland grabbed my shoulder and led me to the right. "Hey West! Come talk to your brother!" Poland said. I heard him jump back in his chair a bit. I guessed Poland must have startled him. "Apologies. I was in the middle of this intriguing document. Its most likely source is from the library of Alexandria, given its form of language," West said in his usual deadpan voice.

This is one of the few times that I could understand half of what he says. You can tell that we weren't raised by the same people just by how we talk to each other. "So, how've you been, brother?" I asked. "Excellent. My studies as of late have contributed to my prosperity as a countryhuman. Have you continued to flourish as well?"

"I'm doing fine, but can you not speak like that?"

"I'm not sure I understand the reasoning for your annoyance."

"I mean can you just speak like a normal person and not like a fucking computer?"

(Poland pov)

I drew myself back. West seemed unfazed by East's outburst since this is how most of their conversations go, but I still feel shocked every time I see East snap at his brother. It isn't exactly easy for him to get mad. They might have been identical twins physically, but mentally, they were complete opposites. 'I should have thought about it more before bringing him here,' I said to myself.

The Library

Warning: Google translate will be used (even if only for one word)

(Poland's pov)

"America?" I half shouted after noticing the familiar figure. "Since when do you come to the library?" I could imagine him rolling his eyes... if he had any. Nobody knew because he always wore sunglasses, but I know him better than most. I'd say the only person closer to him was his late husband.

USA walked up to me and said, "What you think I can't read?" I scoffed at this comment. "Well you can't read brail which means that you probably need someone to read it to you like you're some sort of baby!" USA let out a giant laugh, loud enough to get the librarian to shush us. He quieted down his laugh, but still continued to laugh uncontrollably. "You seriously don't remember my power?" Realization dawned on me. "I'm not looking over your shoulder for the next two hours while you read about a topic that I care nothing about," I said wit as calm of a tone as I could muster.

Suddenly, East spoke out. "Hey, Mr. America, have you ever seen Poland cover his mouth and run out the door after getting mad at someone?"

USA didn't seem to understand at first, but when he saw my face, he knew exactly what East was talking about. He looked at East and said strait faced, "I know what your talking about, but I don't have a death wish so I won't be telling you anything."

I breathed a sigh of relief. He wasn't going to tell East.

I looked at West, who was looking at me, seemingly interested in our conversation. "I feel intrigued by your exchange. Would it be possible to educate me on the topic?" he asked. It's always been hard to read West's emotions, but he seemed genuine. "No," I said

flatly. He gently sighed and looked back at his book, clearly knowing what my answer was going to be.

"So! Poland," USA began. "You coming to the Meeting of the nations?" I looked up at him. "That year already? Well guess that means I'll get to beat the shit out of a certain someone pretty soon."

"Russia isn't coming," USA informed me. "Co (What)?" I asked. "Yeah, his mom's not gonna let him." America continued, "I know you think that that's a little controlling, but honestly, if I had that many people mad at one of my kids, I would keep them out of the Meeting too."

I looked at him. I was shocked to hear that USA and Russia's mom were actually agreeing on something, but I was even more confused when it talked about the woman doing what was best for Russia. Since when did giving your child nightmares so bad that he couldn't sleep for nearly a week at a time just for getting slightly below someone else in class register as being even a decent parent? USA, sensing my confusion, looked at me. "Don't worry, I don't really understand her intentions either. What I said was just a theory."

We both knew that whatever the little bitch was doing, it wasn't for Russia's well being.

Got bored and decided to draw Poland in his human form. Enjoy.

[image]

Russia's Story Part 2

(1949)

(Russia's pov)

Poland bent down to my level as he said, "Now, let's talk about what you owe us." I looked at him with my different colored eyes, one gold and the other blood red, just like my dad's. He continued, "Your father trusts you, right?" I nodded. "Then ask him to let us out," Poland finished. I couldn't. I might have been his favorite child, but I doubt my father would take orders from a mere thirteen year old, like myself. "I doubt I could even if I tried..." I said quietly. Poland sighed. "Then why don't you get us some good food? That sound easy enough?"

I shook my head. "I'm not good at sneaking around." Poland was obviously getting annoyed. "Then maybe I should tell your mother I found you-"

"No! Please no! How about... um... when I get a country... I won't declare war on anyone and as many people of your choice," I said, hoping that was enough. There was a long silence. "Okay," he finally said. "If you get a country," Poland corrected, "then you will not declare war on me, East, nor any of your siblings or you'll have to answer to me and all of my living siblings. Do you understand me?" I nodded vigorously.

"Your father is upstairs in his room. Crawl up this vent," Poland pointed to the vent I just crawled out of, "Take the first right and then go up at the second vent that goes up and you should be in front of the door. Your mom won't find you if you go that way and she won't use her power on you in front of your father." I once again nodded. "Спасибо (thank you)," I said as I climbed into the vent.

I followed his instructions, and I found myself right beside the massive doors to my father's room. I always marveled at the doors

with their intricate designs. I heard my mom calling for me and that snapped me out of it. I knocked and my father came to the door faster than I expected. I had to look straight up to meet his gaze. I kept forgetting how tall he was. He bent down as far as he could, but even then he was taller. "Good morning, Russia," he said. "I'm going to talk to my older sister. Would you like to come?" I nodded. I'd never met my aunt before and it gives me the perfect excuse to get away from my mother.

She suddenly walked up behind us. "USSR, can I see Russia for a moment?" she asked. I froze, then breathed a sigh of relief when my father said that I needed to get ready for the trip to my aunt's house. Thankfully, he walked me to my room to help me pack. It was going to be a cold journey after all.

(Present day)

(Still Russia's pov)

I looked at my sister Ukraine. I broke a deal. I deserved to be hated by so many countries. I'll admit, it wasn't my choice to declare war on her, but I also didn't try to stop it. Those who were aware and did nothing are just as guilty as the ones who actually did it.

Yeah, Russia grew up with the stereotypical Asian mother. Imagine a stereotypical Asian mother with the power to make you have nightmares so bad that you can't sleep for days on end and you've got Russia's mom (you can see why he's so depressed now).

Parents: Good or Bad?

(Poland pov)

"East, do you want to go somewhere else?" I inquired. He nodded in response. East dragged one finger along the books as if he were planning to choose one, but I, along with most people, know that he's just doing it so that he doesn't bump into anything.

Once we got to the main hall, he reached for my shoulder. I guided his hand to it and we walked out of the library.

East was barely taught how to read in the first place. I mean, he knows how to read basic sentences, but not anything more than what you'd find in a little kid's book. After he went blind, since nobody knew brail, he couldn't read at all. I guess being in a library makes him feel stupid, even though he isn't. East was never given a proper education in the first place, so I'm surprised he learned to read as quickly as he did. Especially being self-taught.

As we exited, we smelled the familiar scents of the garden that surrounded the library. "Hey, do I smell Jasmines?" East asked. I paused for a second and right on out left were some beautiful Jasmine flowers. "Yes," I replied.

When we approached the stairs, I picked him up. What? I don't want him falling. "Poland..." he said, "Put me down." I walked down the stairs before setting him down. "Why are you like this?" East asked me. I shrugged and pulled out my world knife to go home.

(USA's pov)

I looked down at the picture of my late husband. I could barely see any details the photo was so old. To think it was 1910 when we took this photo. To think it's been over a century since he died.

Tears threatened to spread over my face, but I held them back. I had to be a good dad to the kids I had left and I had to be a perfect

example to the rest of the world. I was supposed to be the number one world superpower! I couldn't have something as simple as a dead husband holding me back... right?

Then my thoughts drifted back to a certain someone. Russia's mom. What was she planning? Knowing her, it couldn't be anything good.

Against my better judgment, I decided to call Russia's mom, just to see why she was actually keeping her son away from the Meeting. "USA," she said irritably. "What do you want?"

"Why are you really keeping Russia at home for the Meeting. I know you aren't doing it to protect him."

"Ugh, why are you like this? You don't think that I could be a good mother too?"

"Considering how much trauma you've given Russia, not really."

"It's called toughening him up. Of course, you wouldn't understand. All of your children are soft anyway."

I jumped out of my seat. "Oh, and your husband, who was at one point one of the most dangerous countries, is soft?" I half screamed. She stayed silent for a while. "是的 (Yes)," she finally replied. "He gave Russia far too much freedom in my opinion." She then hung up, already knowing how much I was going to scold her for such a thing.

I then asked myself, 'China, why are **you** like this?'

Here's what China looks like, just in case anyone was wondering.

[image]

Don't worry, I'm chilling on the lore

(China's pov)

After I hung up on America, and looked around my house. I had been in the middle of tidying up when he called. He always called at the worst possible times. Ugh.

All around my house, there were beautiful paintings, each with their own story to them. Then I looked over to a small desk with a singular eyepatch. Soviet's eyepatch. 'Maybe I should sell it,' I thought to myself. Humans would pay handsomely to have something that belonged to such a famous countryhuman. Of course, if I sold it, that son of a bitch USA would kill me.

"Hello, mother," I heard a voice say. I turned and as I suspected, it was Russia. He looked down at his feet and his white hair hung straight down to cover his face. "Stand up straight and look me in the eye." I told him. He did so and I saw his two different colored eyes. He looked almost too much like his father for my liking.

"Have you been keeping up with your lessons?" I asked. He sighed. "Mother, I have and entire country to take care of, I-" "Have you been keeping up with your lessons or not?" I could see him begin to tremble. "I-I... No. I haven't."

"Tch, tch, tch!" The moment I let these sounds out of my mouth, Russia bolted out the door of my house, just as he had run away from me so many times already.

(East's pov)

As I walked with Poland and Admiral, I took in the sounds of the neighborhood around our house. Birds chirping. Children playing. The wind blowing through the trees. All of it, beautiful. Just as we were about to enter our home, Poland got a call. He answered and

motioned for me to go inside while he talked. I managed to hear the voice of who was calling him. It was West. Yeah, I'm going to stay out of this so that a business conversation doesn't turn into a useless squabble between me and West.

Our house was relatively small. Poland made sure of that because he never wants to be too far away from me. I sat down on the couch in the living room, which was just across the room from the kitchen. Admiral jumped onto the couch beside me. I petted his warm fur as he put his head in my lap.

I heard the door creak open, then shut. "Hi, Papa Poland. How was your conversation with West?" I asked. I heard him walking over to the couch. "Good," he said as he sat down. He'd grown used to me knowing who it was just by hearing a small sample of their voice. "What do you want for diner?" he asked me. "I don't know, maybe some of your famous pierogis?" I asked. Poland always made *really good* pierogis. I heard him chuckle a bit. "Okay, since you complimented my cooking I guess I'll have to make you some."

I listened as he got up from the couch. He rustled my hair a bit and walked over to the kitchen.

I am someone who always says that they're going to do something, and then doesn't do it. For example, I said in the beginning that I would post once a week, but probably less often than that. Now, I'm posting once a day. I'm not sure if that's a good or bad thing.

Family bonds

(Poland's pov)

"PIERDOLIĆ (FUCK)!" I screamed. "Papa Poland! What's wrong?" East called. "It's fine, just accidently cut off my finger again," I reassured him. I looked down at the puddle of blood forming. I set down the knife I was holding and grabbed my detached finger, placing it on the stub where it once was. Soon, the bone began to come back together and the bleeding lessened.

Honestly, my pain tolerance was pretty high, so I didn't mind the stinging feeling too much. I heard someone walking up behind me and looked over my shoulder to see East's worried expression. "I know your worried, but seriously, I'm fine. I've died before, I can handle my finger being cut off."

"I know, but I still worry." I patted his head as he said that. "You're a good kid, you know that?" I said. He hugged me. It felt weird. I hadn't been hugged since my father, Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth, died. After a while of trying to remember how to hug, I eventually returned the embrace.

(USA pov)

The more I looked at the photo of my husband, the more I remember him. The way his warm lips felt against mine. His golden eyes that stared through me. His hot skin. His lean, muscular figure. His smile. His silky black hair. His glowing personality that could light up a room if he hadn't kept to himself so much. Everything about him was perfect. I married him because I thought I'd never meet another person like him, and I hadn't yet. I guess I was right that he's a real one in ten billion.

Countryhumans only get one day off a month, so I typically use my spare time grieving over my husband. I know it's probably not heathy to always be either working or grieving every second of your waking hours, but what else am I supposed to do? Eleven of my

kids hate me, some are too busy to talk to me, others have their own countries to run, and one is dead. Well, DC sometimes talks to me, but it's only ever about business. Sometimes he's even worse than West.

"Dad!" Someone called. I walked into the hallway and Alaska was sitting on the railing of the balcony overlooking the living room. Her long dark blue hair lightly curled around her and she wore a tank top and shorts despite it only being around 45°F, or I guess every other country would say 7°C and she always wore the ushanka her отец got her. ("Посмотрите, что делает Техас (Look what Texas is doing)!" she told me, giggling. I understood Russian, but I never understood why she never spoke English, even though she knows how. Then again, only a few of my children chose to speak English. Hell, Illinois spoke Polish!

I looked down to see Texas doing a couple of tricks using a lasso. He'd obviously gotten a little bit rusty since he hadn't used one in so long. It was funny watching someone who used to be so good at something messing up easy tricks.

Alaska and Texas were good friends. They had been for a long time. They also had a lot in common. Honestly, Texas was closer to my twin brother than to me and only stays in this house because Alaska lives here.

Suddenly, Alaska slipped. I reached over to grab her but she landed on the ground... flawlessly? She fell on purpose. Well, I guess it is faster than taking the stairs, but she shouldn't worry me like that! She walked up to Texas and she playfully slapped him on the head. She was the only one of my kids tall enough to slap him on the head, let alone look down at him. He jumped up and pulled her ushanka over her face. It was quite endearing watching two of my kids actually getting along, even if they were messing with each other.

States can still be part of the USA without living with the countryhuman. Also, most of his children aren't officially adopted and normally speak the most common language

spoken other than English or Spanish except for the states that were once part of Spain and some of the original thirteen colonies.

Dinner

I'm using Google Translate a lot so expect there to be more mistakes than usual because I'm not going to be checking for accurate translations.

(East's pov)

I eventually backed out of Poland's embrace and felt for the finger he accidentally chopped off. I felt a slit in one of his fingers and felt a warm substance start to trickle down my hand as he pulled away. It had a thick metallic scent. Blood.

"You should be more careful," I told him. Poland began to go back to his cooking as he said, "Hey, I'm the person who's supposed to be worried about you, don't turn it around." I nodded. I heard him say, "Poza tym to ty jesteś tutaj tym kruchym (Besides you're the fragile one here)," under his breath. "To, że jestem ślepy, nie oznacza, że jestem kruchy (Just because I'm blind doesn't mean that I'm fragile)!" I half shouted at him for making such a remark.

The sound of him cutting vegetables ceased and he sighed. "Shit. Forgot I taught you Polish."

"Hmph! Would you mind explaining why you called me fragile? Or was my assumption correct?" There was a long silence. "I wish I could tell you," he said quietly before going back to cooking.

At this point I should be used to it, both him keeping secrets from me and thinking I'm fragile. I mean, he almost never lets me out of his sight and the few times he does he acts like I'm dying. As I've mentioned, he never gets more than 36 meters away from me, and if I even pretend like I'm going to go past that line, he will scold me and tell me that I should never do that. All with the most worried expression on his face that you will ever see. It's almost scary. Though, sometimes I feel like he's not exaggerating when he acts like that.

Like if I get more than 36 meters away from him I really will die.

"Pierogis are ready," Poland told me, pulling me out of my daze. I sure had been daydreaming for quite awhile.

"Okay," I said, standing up. I walked over to the kitchen and felt the air above the table to feel the heat coming off my food. I found them and started to pick one up. "Hot!" I whisper-shouted. "Yeah, I probably should've warned you about that," I heard Poland mention as I shook my hand to cool it down a bit.

"It was a nice day today," I said, trying to lighten the mood. "Yeah," Poland replied. "It was a nice day to have my only day off this month." There was a long pause.

"So what's the Meeting of the Nations like?" I asked. USSR hadn't allowed me to go to the first one I was alive for and for the most recent one people weren't sure whether I could be considered a real countryhuman since my country no longer existed. I'll be allowed to go to this one, but I'm still nervous. "It's normally pretty chaotic," Poland answered. "Luckily, you don't have any other countryhumans that dislike you, so you won't have to deal with that. Other than the fights, the rest of the Meeting is really chill."

I smiled. After I finished dinner, I went straight to bed. Work days are always busy, whether you have to do anything or not.

Second time I've posted twice in one day. The creativity was flowing and I was just sitting at home all day.

Going to Work

(Poland's pov)

I was woken up by an alarm at 3 AM, as per usual work day. Did I get enough sleep? No. Then again, no other countryhuman in all of history has, so what am I to expect? Mercy? Ever since the fall of monarchies, humans have been questioning whether they really needed us, so we have to work twice as hard to prove our worth. Why do you think two world wars occurred and a third one was narrowly avoided? That's right: because humans weren't listening to us countryhumans and deciding to do their own thing.

I normally let East sleep in until 5 AM, thirty minutes before we have to leave. I got up and started to get ready. I put on my white, button up shirt and a pair of black slacks. I added a belt and my black business shoes. My red eyes glowed in the dark so I didn't have to turn on any lights that could wake East up so early in the morning.

Next up, taming my hair. My hair was naturally wavy and was an absolute nightmare to brush in the morning, especially considering that I'm a restless sleeper. My hair was always the reason I was waking up so early, because it took an hour to make it look even semi-decent.

I eventually finished and walked into the kitchen to cook breakfast. Already 4:45 AM. Time sure flies when you wake up super early. The clock read 4:59 when I finished. Right on time. I woke up East and he reluctantly got up. I went back to the kitchen and fixed our plates. He walked in shortly after, similarly dressed to me. I combed his hair for him. It was straight as a board, so it didn't tangle anywhere near as bad as mine and only took a few seconds to comb down. I ate my breakfast quickly and East and I had a few minutes of spare time to talk before it was time to leave.

As soon as the clock read 5:30, I pulled out my World Knife and we went to Countryhuman City. We walked past all of the buildings

and walked directly towards the main hall, where only a few other countryhumans were entering. This was to be expected as for several countries, it was not yet 5:45, or time to get to your office because work is starting in fifteen minutes.

We waited our turn in line. I looked around the building. There where glass windows adorning the structure and the room looked like a gigantic sphere.

The door we were going through was the door to our capital cities. We put our hand on a pad right beside the door, wait a few seconds until the sign on the top reads the name of our capital, then walk through. I watched as a few other people did this. Honestly, I was bored by it. I had been doing this every day for longer than I can remember. It doesn't matter whether you're a statehuman, colonyhuman, or territoryhuman, you also had to go to work.

It's exhausting, but at least it's not the way it used to be. Back then, Countryhuman City didn't exist and you had to walk or run to your capitals, which is why we normally lived in our offices. Countryhuman City actually wasn't created until about 1900. It was created by someone with a rather unusual, but still very strong, strong power.

That's all for today! (Well, I might post later in the day, you never know) And I'd just like to say, thanks for all the support. I'm surprised, but thankful, that you like this story, because, if I'm being honest, this is not my best work, I always look back later and there's so many mistakes... 😩

Work

(Poland pov)

East and I eventually had our turn through the portal and we appeared in my office in Warsaw. It was cluttered with paperwork, pens, and of course, coffee mugs. I only get five hours of sleep on work days when I get off work early, so I have to get my energy from somewhere.

I found my schedule on my desk, where it usually was. Thick as a dictionary. I would say I was surprised, but to be honest, I'd had busier days.

"What are we doing?" East asked, exasperated already. I replied, "I've got to go to a meeting, look through our laws, check on our money, make sure we've retained decent connections with as many countries as possible, look at possible threats to the country, and go to an EU meeting all in between 6 and 6:10 in the morning."

"Ugh, I forgot how busy your work days were," East complained. I didn't blame him. It was a lot of work for ten minutes, especially considering the fact that my entire day was going to be like this, and work doesn't end until 9 at night at the earliest, but most of the time it was longer.

(USA's pov)

Finally. The elections were over and I knew who my next president would be. At that point I didn't care who won, only that the fighting would stop.

In the next thirty minutes, I would have to do an almost uncountable number of things. Being the world superpower wasn't exactly as calm as everyone thought it was. Luckily I could get my states to help with some things. Honestly, the only hard thing about having states for a countryhuman is raising them. Once they're adults you can have them help you at any time. The only things I

have to do is show up for meetings and interviews. That may sound like an exhausting amount of paperwork, but I've got 67 statehumans and territoryhumans working for me! Divided up equally, they each only have about six or seven minutes worth of paperwork if they get it done fast. This is why countryhumans that are extremely powerful countries typically have children.

For the top three world superpowers, only seven hours of paperwork, like the rest of the countries had, was a blessing. We were lucky if we only had to stay at work 18 hours, because most of the time we stayed over 20 hours.

Alaska always asks if she can help Russia out with his work. He was a relatively young countryhuman and was the only one of the top three world superpowers without any kids to help him. Well Siberia helped sometimes, but Siberia isn't his child and leaves after she gets bored. Which is very quickly.

Nobody ever knew where Siberia came from. She's kind of just in far northeastern Russia and doesn't do anything. She doesn't have any parents and she's just always been there. Kind of freaks me out.

Anyway, I'm getting off topic. I still had a ton of things to do, but with so many kids, my workload was cut into eighths, leaving me only one eighth of the work. That's still nearly three hours of work, but there are humans going to high school that work longer shifts than that!

I just hope everyone else is doing okay...

Even if a country has states, it's not guaranteed that those will be manifested as statehumans because both countryhumans and statehumans can only be born if there's at least two parents. Just thought you should know that!

The Cracks are Showing

(East's pov)

Poland and I entered the meeting room. "He won't be necessary," I heard an unfamiliar voice say. I heard they were getting a new person here that would make sure that meetings went as planned. I also felt like she was talking about me not being necessary.

"He's staying here," I heard Poland say firmly. "We aren't supposed to have Germany visiting this meeting as we will be discussing confidential information," the woman shot back firmly, and I felt myself being pulled out of the room.

I could feel Poland's terror even being two meters away from him at the closest. "He doesn't have a country and I think you'll find that Germany is back in Berlin if you were to call," Poland said in the most chilling voice that I could possibly imagine. Humans typically don't want to make us countryhumans mad, especially one like Poland who was known for being extremely dangerous when he wanted to be.

The woman continued to drag me out of the room and I could feel the wind passing by as the woman motioned for one of the other people to keep Poland in place. She pulled me down the hallway. "I won't be taking you out of the building but I will be taking you far enough away to where you can't hear us," the woman said to me.

I already felt like Poland was about to start freaking out, considering my estimation of us getting close to 36 meters away.

Right on time when I suspected we would be just a little more than 36 meters away, I felt weird. Suddenly, it felt as if my lungs were being crushed as I fell to the ground and I could feel my heart racing. "What are you doing?" the woman asked impatiently. She sighed. "I don't have time for-" she was cut off as I started coughing up blood.

What the hell was going on? Why was this happening? I felt like my muscles were tightening to the point that it would shatter my bones and I could feel blood welling up from the skin on my hands. How? I didn't even get cut there. I went into another coughing fit and fell onto my hands and feet. My speeding heartrate suddenly started dropping quickly from lack of oxygen. It almost felt like I was dying.

Suddenly, I felt better. Perfectly fine even. I seriously began to consider that maybe I was dead. That is until I felt Poland pick me up and hug me. I was too shaken by the experience to hug back. "East are you okay? I never should have let you out of my sight! I didn't think she'd take you this far away! Oh my... just be okay!" Poland sounded so worried, but the things he was saying... they sounded like... he knew that if I got too far away I'd start dying. Wait... he always talks to me as if I'd die if I got too far away from him. It was because he did know that something like this would happen.

We eventually went back to the meeting room to go through with the meeting, but not before Poland fired the woman. I didn't calm down from the rest of the day. How could I after what happened? I... I just couldn't understand how Poland knew or why this happened. What if I never did.

Hope you enjoyed this. I certainly enjoyed writing it. Wow... three chapters in a day. I'm proud of myself for this.

The Aftermath

(Poland pov)

"What the hell happened..?" I heard someone ask as I cleaned off my desk. "What are you talking about?" I asked East. He sounded quite shaken. "I... I-I nearly... I felt like I was-" East seemed like he was about to have a panic attack and I remembered what he was referring to. "Hey, calm down," I said as soothingly as I could. "That's just why I'm so protective of you," I explained. He looked like e was about to start crying. "But why did it happen?" he asked, still clearly terrified by the memory. "It's complicated," I said, careful not to reveal the actual reason. At least I wasn't lying though.

"Hey, do you want some water?" I asked, putting my hand on his shoulder. Tears spilled from his eyes. "I was DYING!" he shouted at me. "Can't you at least tell me why?" he asked. I stared at him, unsure of how to answer. "I know you know!"

When he said that, my heart almost stopped. He can't find out why. He can't. If he were to find out the real reason... no, no, no...

He can't find out why.

(West's pov)

(a couple hours ago...)

The phone on my desk suddenly rang. I didn't recognize the number but I decided to answer anyway. "Hallo?" I said into the phone. "West, your brother just randomly collapsed on the floor. He's covered in cracks! We just thought we should tell you since you're technically family..."

They went over a few other things, but I didn't hear them. On the outside I remained cold and unworried, but I felt like I couldn't breathe for a second I was thinking through so many things. What

did they mean East was fine? A countryhuman doesn't just start dying and is suddenly fine! And if he was covered in cracks... wait... he was collapsing? No. He couldn't. I've barely talked to him since we met and each time I drive him further away. I just want to be friends with my twin brother. Is that so much to ask?

If I didn't still have hours of paperwork to do I'd run over there right this second. Alas, being the most powerful country in Europe and being the main reason the EU is holding up is a job that comes with few breaks.

(Poland's pov)

I finished cleaning up and looked at East. I saw the cracks all over his arms again. He got them from the incident. Luckily, the blood that had been seeping out stopped. I can't heal cracks, that's why I didn't tell East about them. The good news is that they'll heal on their own eventually.

I might not be very good with emotions, but I know that crying means that someone is sad unless there's chopped up onions in the room. East's been crying quietly for a while and I don't think there's even any whole onions in here. I guess almost dying is traumatizing for someone who can't just come back to life like me.

I pat him on the head. I didn't really know what else to do and he seemed kind of mad at me for not telling him anything earlier. He hugged me again. "I'll never understand why you do this..." I said under my breath. At the same time though, the hug felt good. I hugged back and we stayed like that for a while.

Hope you enjoyed this. Personally, I like writing from Poland's perspective because he's a sweet guy, but from the way he's been raised has absolutely no clue how to show it. By the way, Poland is 234 years old. And if you want Poland's backstory, please tell me.

Poland's Story

Warning: lots of blood and gore

(Poland pov)

Ojciec (father) hadn't been home in a while. My twin sister, Lithuania, and I were starting to get worried. He normally went off on long trips, so it should've been no big deal, right? We was getting quite hungry, though. We were both only about 5 years old and weren't very good at taking care of ourselves. 'Please, come back soon,' I thought to myself.

Just as I thought that, our ojciec was walking down the path that lead to our house. He must've lost a battle because his head was hung low. As soon as he walked through the door, Lithuania and I both hugged him. I was extremely short, even shorter than my sister even, and my head, even on the tips of my toes, only reached his knee. He picked both of us up and held us in his arms before whispering something to us. "Skryjcie się (Hide)," he said quietly. I asked him why but he didn't answer. He just set us down and told us to hide again. Eventually, he escorted us to a small room in our house and left us in there. Alone.

Suddenly, I heard vicious knocking on the door to the house. I listened as the door fell to the ground. The sounds of swords being pulled out of their hilts rang in the air and I heard my ojciec scream. I came out of my hiding place, even after Lithuania told me not to go out, and saw three other countryhumans standing in the main room. My ojciec looked at me and so did the other three countryhumans.

One of the strange countryhumans looked at my ojciec and then looked at me. I felt like that one probably had kids at home, just by how his face went from hostile to almost gentle whenever he saw me walk into the room. Another stood at the back of the group and refused to look my ojciec in the eye. The third seemed like the only one who was ready to kill someone.

"Ojcze, co się dzieje? Kim są ci ludzie (Father, what's going on? Who are these people)?" I asked. Just then, the third person walked up to me, and stabbed me with their sword. Pain shot through every limb in my body as I watched my blood seep onto the clean sword. For a second, I looked over to see an expression of pure terror crossing my ojciec's face. The sword was pulled out and blood spilled out of the wound violently. I was stabbed again and the process was repeated five more times, each second stretching and feeling like an eternity as I faded in and out of consciousness. Eventually, it did feel like I was conscious, but there was nothing. Nothing I could touch, no body part I could move, no sound I could make. Only emptiness.

Abruptly, I had the feeling that I was falling. My eyes shot open and I looked down at myself. Not a single stab wound or blood stain. I looked to see if my ojciec was okay, but was horrified when I looked towards where he was.

Blood was trickling along the floor and his skull was cut into three pieces at the top. His brain was exposed and his eyes had been pulled out of their sockets and were only holding on by torn muscles and veins. His skin was torn horribly on his arms and legs and his muscles were heavily exposed. It made me sick seeing him like that.

The three countryhumans were still in the room, looking at my ojciec's corpse. I tried to stand up to go back to Lithuania, but the other people noticed me. Instead of attacking me again, they just stood there, a mixture of fear and shock on their faces. "D-Du bist am Leben (Y-You are alive)..?" the one who had avoided looking my ojciec in the eye said.

That was when I realized something. I had lost way too much blood. I had been stabbed in places that would've killed me very quickly. I should be dead. No. I was dead. That void... was death. I died. But how was I..?

Yeah, I'm just gonna end it here for now. There's more of his backstory to talk about, but I also have a lot of other

characters that need their backstories finished and, c'mon, I know at least some of you want to know why East almost died after getting 36 meters away from Poland. Hope you liked this!

Russia's Story Pt. 3

Year: 1949

(Russia's pov)

I walked with my father across the house. Suddenly, we heard something in the kitchen. "Stay here," my father told me. I did as I was told, thinking that maybe it was just a raccoon. Of course, I was shocked when I heard a familiar voice scream. Was that East Germany? No. My father wasn't a monster! He wouldn't hurt a mere 5 year old!

Or at least so I thought...

He was holding his hammer and sickle and the sickle was covered in blood. My father's expression had no emotion in it. It was as if he hadn't done anything wrong. He tossed his hammer and sickle into the air and I watched as they turned into light and went to their places as an insignia on his eyepatch. Unfortunately, the blood on the sickle fell to the ground and creating a huge puddle of blood. I looked into the kitchen and saw a mangled form lying on the floor. It was East. His skin was torn and each of his limbs looked like they would fall off at even the slightest tug. Almost every bone in his body looked as if it'd been broken.

How could my father do this? And in such a short amount of time... only about 30 seconds! It was horrible just looking at the poor child.

A hand gently tugged at my arm. "Давай, Россия," they said. I looked up at my father, expecting his expression to be as cold as when he exited the room, but it wasn't. In fact, he had the most endearing smile on his face. Though, after what I just saw his warm smile made my blood curdle. He didn't seem like that sweet yet slightly overprotective dad any more. He seemed like a monster. Why was I his favorite? I'll admit I was the oldest, but he treats me as if I'm a baby and yet he treats East and Ukraine as if they were

adults.

I just stood there for a while, staring at him with fear etched on my face. My father's face shifted from the smile to a look of worry. "I'm sorry you had to see that. Just know that I would never do that to you," he told me. He stood all the way up and pulled on my arm a bit. I followed, not wanting to anger him after what he just did. Sure, he said he would never hurt me, but he also said that he'd never hurt a child!

We walked to my room. My father immediately pulled out my suitcase and began stuffing it with the warmest clothes I owned. He had told me that my aunt lived somewhere very cold. So cold that it often got colder there than it does in Siberia. I would always pester my dad about who my aunt was. I'd had plenty of guesses. My father never told me whether I was right or not, but I felt sure that it was either Antarctica of Greenland.

"Will we be going on a boat or a train?" I asked. "No," he said. "We walk." My eyes widened. How were we going to walk? Last time I checked, most Nordic countries don't get that cold. So where would we be going?

"Put on your coat," he said. "We leave today."

Anyone got a theory on who Russia's aunt is?

Anyway, don't worry, we'll be getting back to Poland's story soon, but first I'm going to be writing another chapter that takes place in the present.

Why 36 Meters?

(Poland pov)

East and I got done early, probably because half my schedule was taken out after the incident. Of course I'll have to make it up tomorrow, but the half day is nice.

We went back to Countryhuman City using my World Knife. Despite nobody being there, I thought about things just East and I could do together. Maybe find East a therapist? I don't know.

"Hey East," I asked. "Yeah," he replied quietly. "How about we go home and we come back here at night?" I looked over my shoulder and could tell East didn't like this idea too much. "What's bothering you?" I inquired. He shrugged. "Why don't we go to the library?" he suggested. "I thought you didn't like it there."

"There's just... something I wanna look up."

"Okay, if you're sure."

We approached the large building. It was creepy. Not even the librarian was there. The giant windows reflected light off the dust that hung in the air and each step they took echoed louder than it normally does.

We went to the magic section of the library. The books that talk about powers to be specific. "What are you even looking for?" I finally asked. "Magical capabilities," he replied nonchalantly. I noticed the book and called him over. "How are you even going to read it? It doesn't have anything you could-" he grabbed the book out of my hands before I could finish. I followed him closely and we eventually came to a bunch of computers.

"They recently installed it to where you can type in the name and author of the book you have and it'll read an audio book to you. Pretty neat huh?" he explained. That made sense. Hell, I was the

one who made the request years ago. "Do you think you could type the name in for me?" he asked. Right, he can't read the title or author's name.

I typed it in and he asked me to read out the chapters for him. "Okay, Strength, Mental Powers, Extra Capabilities of Healing Powers-"

"That one," he cut me off. I selected that for him and we began to listen.

'Wait,' I thought to myself. 'He's going to figure it out...'

Then I said, "Look-" He shushed me before I could finish. The semi-robotic voice continued to speak and soon got to the part of the chapter I hoped it never would. It said, "Healing powers aren't only capable of bringing their owner back to life, but also others. These healing powers are also capable of keeping a countryhuman alive even after their country is destroyed. Of course this fraction of their powers requires that countryhuman to stay within 36 meters at all times-" East paused it, then looked me directly in the eye.

Hey, sorry this was shorter than usual. This might count as a cliffhanger but I honestly think you guys can figure out that there's only two reactions East is going to have to this so have fun and hope you enjoyed.

Poland's Story Pt. 2

Just random fun fact before you read this: Countryhumans are rich enough to live wherever they want. It's just that some prefer smaller houses while others prefer bigger houses. Most of the time, countryhumans with kids will have smaller houses so that they can keep their kids close, though sometimes they'll just get a smaller house because they don't want too much to clean, but also don't want a bunch of other people living there.

(Poland's pov)

I don't know why but the country who asked if I was alive seemed almost... happy? I don't know. I thought it was all over, until the one who stabbed me spoke up. "Preußen, du bekommst diesen kleinen Jungen. Russisches Reich, du kannst das Mädchen haben (Prussia, you get this little boy. Russian Empire, you can have the girl)."

It was then that I realized why my ojciec taught me to speak all the languages of surrounding countries. I never would've known that my sister and I were in danger otherwise.

I bolted out of the room and into the closet where we were originally hiding and pulled my sister out. We climbed up to the window. Our hearts were thumping as I briefed her on what they said.

Suddenly she was dragged back into the house. I looked back just as I was pulled in as well. I looked over to my sister who was being held by the one who seemed to be known as Russian Empire. We both tried to wriggle free but it was no use. These people were too strong.

As they walked out of the house, they began to part ways. Unfortunately, that was the last time I'd see my sister for over a century. The only good news was that the person who stabbed me

was walking away and wasn't the one taking me away.

Even though I knew it was useless, I continued to try to get out of the countryhuman's arms. I tried scratching him, trying to push his arm off me, biting him, anything. But nothing worked. Eventually, I tired myself out and went to sleep.

When I woke up, I expected to be in a cell, but to my surprise, I wasn't. I woke up in a room, on a bed with silk sheets, on a goose-feather bed, similar to what I had at home. A chandelier hung above the room and there was an oak desk in the corner. This defiantly wasn't what I was expecting.

I got up from the bed and saw that I was in a beautiful room. Who brought me here though? Surly not one of the men who helped brutally murder my father! I began to walk out of the room as I slowly opened the enormous doors. The doors appeared to have pieces of gold all over them. and the handle was coated in intricate designs. The rest of the door was wood painted white. Once they were finally opened, I looked down a long hall with many rooms, though, none with doors as fancy as the ones to my room. Then I saw a familiar figure on the far end of the hall. I slammed the door shut, hoping they didn't see me.

I began to calm down. That was, until I heard a knock on the door...

I don't even know what I was doing in the last half. I was improvising, but for some reason, it was worse than usual (like I mean my notes for this story is just backstory and what I need to talk about, this entire story is just me making up stuff off the top of my head in hopes that I get to the end...). So next do you want Russia's Story Pt. 4 or a continuation of Why 36 Meters?

Powers

This isn't a chapter, this is just me explaining how powers work in my AU.

I kind of feel like I need to explain this to you, because every time I try to fit it in to the story, it just won't work. So here's an explanation on powers because it's never going to show up in the story no matter how hard I try.

All countryhumans have two powers: a weak power and a strong power. The weak power always has to be a lot weaker than the strong power for obvious reasons.

Weak Powers:

Sometimes, these powers aren't necessarily weak. For example, Poland's weak power is that he can teleport up to 100 meters. This is not in any way weak, it's just that his strong power of healing is just so powerful that this is weak in comparison. Though, if the strong power is weak enough, then they might not even have a weak power.

Strong Powers:

Strong powers are typically quite exceptional and can be broken into two categories: mental and physical. Some of the most exceptional in each category are USA and Poland's powers. USA's power is mental. He can experience things from another's point of view (including being able to hear, see, smell, touch, taste, and even hear the thoughts of the person who's head he's in). Poland's power to heal is obviously physical and given that it can defy death itself, you can see why he's considered very powerful.

Categories:

Physical and Mental abilities can also be put into two different sub-categories. For mental abilities the sub-categories are gain and offence. For physical they're defensive and offensive. Gain powers are powers similar to USA's, where you can gain information in some form, while offensive is something similar to China's power of being able to show you your worst fear (which could be very traumatizing and harmful to your mental health). Defensive and Offensive powers are pretty much self explanatory, with Poland's power being a defensive.

For those of you who are still wondering what happened to Poland earlier, that's his form, kind of. Every country has one and it typically shows their national animal and enhances their powers. The form can also be symbolic of things that are intertwined into cultures. For example, Vatican City appears to turn into an arch-angel.

I hope this explained something or even gave you some semblance of an idea of what their powers are.

Russia's Story Pt. 4

"We're leaving today?" I asked, shocked at how soon we'd be leaving. He just nodded as he handed me my suitcase and a coat. "I'm on a tight schedule to meet with her," he explained as I put on my coat and followed him out of the room, suitcase in tow.

As we left the house behind, I soon started to notice the chill in the air. "Who is my aunt exactly?" I continued to prod. He sighed. "You'll see when we get there."

I followed him as we walked into the forest outside our house. But wait, we were going east? Why? I thought the place we were going could get colder than Siberia, not be Siberia. "Are we seriously going to walk?" I asked.

"We'll be taking the route through Countryhuman City to speed things up, but there's only so far that can get us," my father explained. He pulled out his World Knife and cut through the air, revealing a portal. We walked through.

It was the same old city. I went to school here with West Germany. Of course we're the only two students and the school is the library with our teacher being the librarian. I'll admit, even though West was only 5, he sure was giving me a run for my money.

We walked to another area of the city and my father used his World Knife to create another portal. As soon as we walked through, I realized that we must be somewhere really far north. It was freezing, despite it only being mid-fall. "I-it's c-cold," I complained. My dad's strong power was being immune to extreme temperatures, so he wasn't affected by the cold, even if he was only wearing a light jacket. He picked me up in his arms and continued to walk.

Snow was already on the ground and the wind blew harshly. Some trees already had icicles hanging from their branches and everything looked pretty in an almost eerie way.

Eventually, after a lot of walking, we made it to a small cabin. "Is this where my aunt lives?" I asked. "Нет (No)," he told me. "This is Siberia's house. We'll be staying the night here and continuing to your aunt's in the morning," he explained. We had started walking around noon, but had it really been that long since we left home?

My father clearly sensed my confusion and said, "The days are beginning to get shorter and they are especially short this far north." I nodded in understanding.

Siberia was a strange man. He supposedly didn't have parents and he'd been out here for as long as anyone could remember. Nobody knows where he came from, not even him. The neat thing about him though, was that he was basically immune to cold. Well, a lot of countryhumans were, but he's one of the only ones in Asia.

We got to the doorstep of the house and my dad knocked on the door. Siberia came almost immediately. He let us in as if he already knew we were coming. "Ах, СССР, едешь в свой ежегодный визит повидаться с сестрой (Ah, USSR, are you going on your annual visit to see your sister)?" Siberia asked. My father nodded. He had made this trip often.

"А теперь иди спать. Я разбужу тебя, когда взойдет солнце (Go to sleep now. I will wake you two when the sun rises)," Siberia told us. I went straight to sleep, despite it not being late at all. My father stayed awake for who knows how much longer. I drifted off to sleep and couldn't wait for the next day. The day I'd finally meet my aunt.

And done with this chapter. I had writers block trying to write the last actual chapter, so sorry if Poland's Story Pt. 2 was weird or hard to keep up with.

Why 36 Meters? Pt. 2

(Poland pov)

East looked directly at me. His expression was unreadable. "Why didn't you tell me?" he asked. I looked down at my feet. "I just didn't want you to worry," I eventually replied. A long silence followed.

"Is that why your powers have been declining?" he asked, looking down and balling up his fists. After another moment of silence I answered "Yes."

"But," I began, looking back up at him, "That doesn't matter. How about we go home?" He looked up again, his face a mixture of anger and sorrow. "No. We're not going home until you tell me everything," he demanded. I wasn't going to be telling him any more. The rest needed to remain hidden. I didn't need him worrying more than he already was. "We. Are. Going. Home," I told him in a stern tone. "No!" he half shouted.

(East pov)

I stood up. I felt Poland grab my shoulder and say, "This isn't up for discussion." The way he said it sent chills down my spine, not to mention how tightly he was gripping my shoulder. Honestly he was gripping it so tightly that I was surprised my shoulder blade didn't start cracking. "Fine," I eventually replied. He let go of my shoulder and carried me out of the library. I didn't complain though. That's the maddest he's ever been at me. I didn't want to make it worse.

Whatever he's hiding must really be serious. Maybe it has something to do with a bad side effect? No. He'd already admitted that it weakens his powers. That had to be the side effect... right?

We went back into the human world and Poland set me down as we changed into our human forms. We walked towards home and I could feel people staring at us. I mean, we normally don't get home until super late and leave home really early. This was the earliest

we'd been home for years.

Each year countryhumans have been forced to do more work. I've heard from Poland that when he was young, he didn't have to do anything at all. It wasn't until just before the 20th century that countryhumans had to do more than be alive to get paid. Now it's gotten to the point where they're nearly dead by the end of the day and only get one day off a month. Most countryhumans spent it sleeping while a few just used it to talk to other countryhumans without having to worry about public image.

When we walked into the house I was immediately greeted by Admiral. "I'll cook lunch," Poland said, his tone still cold as ice. Admiral even whimpered a little. So he was confused too? I went to go sit on the couch without a word. Poland didn't really seem like he was in the mood to make conversation.

What part of what I said upset him so badly? What was he not telling me?

Before I knew it, lunch was ready. He handed me a bowl of soup and a fork. "How am I supposed to eat with this? Not to mention all the spoons still need to be washed," I said. That's when he pulled the fork out of my hand and I listened as he bent the metal into the shape of a spoon. With his bare hands. "I'll fix it later," he told me as he began to walk back to the kitchen. "Now eat."

Yeah, Poland got a little mad. When he got mad as a kid, he would bend swords into weird shapes to get his anger out, also with his bare hands. Anyway, hope you enjoyed.

Poland's Story Pt. 3

(Poland's pov)

The knocking came a second time. I just stood there, about 30 centimeters from the door. Then the door slowly opened. The man who stood there was one of the three men who murdered my father, no doubt. I would recognize the eyepatch anywhere.

There was a white strip of skin in the middle of his face and the rest of his skin was black. The eyepatch he wore had a black eagle on it, with gold on it's wings and wore a red and gold crown. I believe the man who stabbed me referred to him as "Prussia."

He had an almost eerie smile on his face. Maybe it was just creepy because he killed my father. Or maybe because of his dagger-like teeth. His height was similar to my father's and he towered over me. I didn't want to seem weak or afraid, but my hands were shaking so much that I'm sure he could see it too.

I looked over him, checking to see if he was armed. He wasn't but I doubt that mattered. He held me so tightly when we were walking away from the house that I wouldn't be surprised if he could break my bones with his bare hands.

"Gefällt Ihnen das Zimmer (Do you like the room)?" he asked. I was pulled out of my train of thought. It might seem like a simple question, but it makes me ask a bunch of different questions. Why was I here? Surly that wasn't the only reason he was here! What was he planning? Why did he even give me this room in the first place?

"Oh, ich vergaß, Sie sprechen wahrscheinlich kein Deutsch (Oh, I forgot, you probably don't speak German)," he said. He paused for a moment as if collecting his thoughts. He then asked me the same question again in Polish. Given, it was very broken Polish with an uncountable number of mispronunciations, but I'd give him one for trying.

I still didn't answer though. He looked at me more closely and I think at some point he realized I understood him both times. He knelt down and looked me in the eyes. "Wovor hast du solche Angst (What are you so afraid of)?" he asked.

I wanted to say, 'I don't know, maybe because you killed my father and your friend literally stabbed me to death,' but I didn't. He looked at me for a while longer before realizing that I wasn't going to answer.

Just as he began to walk out the door, he looked over his shoulder and said, "In 1 Stunde gibt es Mittagessen. Sei dabei (Lunch is in 1 hour. Be there)." I stood in silence as I watched him walk out the door and close it behind him.

I didn't really feel like eating with someone like him, but I was starting to get hungry. Not to mention the way he said "Be there," sounded a lot like a threat. Maybe that was just the accent, but I also have a feeling that talking to a kid who refuses to do anything but stare at you has to be at least a little annoying.

I guess that meant, when the time came, I would go to lunch.

As usual, hope you enjoyed.

Russia's Story Pt. 5

(Russia's pov)

I woke up very early the next morning and found my father in the kitchen. "When do we leave?" I asked excitedly. "We can't leave until the sun rises or else it'll be too cold for you," he explained. I continued to prod, "How long until then?" He looked at me as if he was starting to become impatient. "The sun won't be rising until nearly 9. It's not even 5 yet. Does that give you your answer?" I nodded. I was excited to be this close to finally meeting my aunt, even if I did have to wait several hours.

The house felt quiet to me. I guess having several siblings and random countries your dad kidnapped all beating the shit out of each other kind of makes you used to noise. The house felt empty. And cold. I decided to go warm up by the fire. If only there was one.

Wow, Siberia sure did hate getting warm. No wonder it was so cold in here! There weren't any heating systems other than ourselves. I decided to go over to my dad. The colder it is the more heat he emits. It was pretty cold in here, so he should basically be like a fire. I walked up to him. "What do you want now?" he asked, sighing. "It's cold," I replied. He stayed silent after that. I was used to cold, but I wasn't literally immune to it like my dad and Siberia.

Siberia came in at almost 7 and cooked us breakfast. I wasn't really sure what it was but I didn't ask. It was good though.

When we left I was shivering with excitement. Or cold. Probably cold. But it felt like excitement. "H-how m-m-much f-further?" I asked with a smile on my face. Wow, I was cold. "Not far," he said before picking me up. He was literally hot to the touch. If it didn't warm up soon I'd probably have some burn marks by the end of the journey. Imagine if I came home after going to one of the coldest places on the planet and come back with burn marks. I feel like mother would be too confused to get mad at me.

We approached some sort of body of water. "How is it not frozen?" I asked, expecting it to be a lake of some sort. "Because it's the ocean, or more specifically, the Barring Strait."

Little chunks of ice floated around and rocks dotted the surface of the water. They were too small to be islands but big enough to stand on. That was when I remembered something important. "Wait," I said. "Won't Mr. America get mad at us for being on his territory?" He told me no and jumped onto one of the rocks in the water. For a while I was scared he'd slip, but luckily he didn't. We jumped from rock to rock for several minutes until I'd gotten used to my father's body heat and fell asleep on him.

"Wake up," he said, shaking me awake. "We're across. It's only a two minute walk to your aunt's house if she doesn't find us first."

"What do you mean if she doesn't find us first?" I asked. Then I heard a deep female voice say, "Вы опоздали (You are late)."

Don't worry, you'll learn who it is in part 6 of the Russia's past stories (if you haven't already). Anyway, hope you enjoyed.

Poland's Story Pt. 4

(Poland's pov)

I looked up at the clock. Only fifteen minutes now... Fifteen minutes until I had lunch with one of the men who killed my father, separated me from my sister, and took me here, wherever here is. That was when I realized, I didn't know where we were even supposed to have lunch.

Prussia seemed like he was trying to be friendly, but no matter how young you are, like me, you should know that you don't trust a murderer. His friendly demeanor felt real, but... I remembered my father's corpse. How he was basically torn to shreds. The blood that was spilled across the floor. The content expression on the Prussia's face.

I watched time pass by. Once it was just five minutes until lunch, I heard a knock at my door. I hoped it wasn't him again. As the door opened, to my relief, it was just a servant. They said they were coming to take me to the dining room. I hesitated, but eventually followed.

This house was huge, I realized after we stepped out of the hall leading to my room. My ojciec never wanted a large house and he never wanted my sister and I to get too far away from the house. In short, I'd never really had to memorize routes to different areas considering that all of the different rooms in the house were connecting to the living room.

I was pulled out of my thoughts as the servant opened the door and gestured for me to go in. Once I entered, they closed the door behind me and I looked at the room I was in. It had a chandelier in the middle of the ceiling and a long dining table in the middle of the room. As I looked at the middle of the table, I saw him, sitting there with his mischievous grin. He was looking directly at me.

"Ich wusste, dass du auftauchen würdest (I knew you would show

up)," Prussia said. "Sitzen (Sit)," he gestured to the spot right across from him over the short end of the table. He looked at me as if expecting me to speak. "Abgesehen von diesem kleinen... Vorfall, wie war Ihr Tag (Aside from that little... incident, how has your day been)?" he asked. I didn't answer.

Killing a 5 year old's father and then calling it a "little incident" definitely wasn't a good sign. I started to avoid eye contact.

"Ich möchte dich kennenlernen, wenn ich mich um dich kümmern soll, bis du dein eigenes Land hast (I want to get to know you if I am to take care of you until you get your own country)," he told me as he motioned for me to eat as well. Then a few words slipped out. "Skąd mam wiedzieć, że mnie też nie zabijesz (How do I know you won't kill me too)?" Prussia looked up, noticing me speak. It took him a minute before he answered. "Du bist ein Kind. Ein sehr kluges, aber trotzdem. Ich war in den Tod deines Vaters verwickelt, und zwar aus Gründen, die du noch nicht verstehen kannst (You are a child. A very clever one, but still. I was involved with your father's death for reasons you cannot yet understand)."

That didn't answer my question though. My stomach suddenly growled. "Iss. Du hast offensichtlich Hunger (Eat. You are obviously hungry)," he said to me.

Would've gotten this out sooner, but Wednesday is a busy day for me. Anyway, for anyone wondering, here's what Prussia looks like:

[image]

The fact that I spent 15 of the 20 minutes I worked on him working on his eyepatch...

The Visit

(East's pov)

I was eating on the couch. Poland normally never let me do that, but I guess he needed his space. This is why I avoid arguing with him: he gives me the silent treatment and then he takes all his anger out on the silverware.

Normally he'll only be mad for maybe a minute, but this has gone on a lot longer than that. Then again I haven't talked to him in ten minutes and he always grumbles angrily when he's eating. I decided to test if he wasn't mad anymore. I'd call his name and if he asked what somewhat annoyed but still calm, then he'd gotten over the anger. If he replies in a cold tone, then he's still mad.

"Hey, Poland," I said. "What," he asked in an even colder voice than what I'd been hearing the rest of the day. So he wasn't calming down, he was slowly getting madder. Fun. "Never mind," I said. So earlier, maybe I had been prying into stuff I really shouldn't have. Okay, I'd *definitely* been prying into stuff I shouldn't have. Why else would he be this mad?

Then there was a knock at the door. I went to check who it was since Poland was obviously too mad to be talking to people. I listened for a voice. All the other countryhumans know to announce their presence at our house since I'm probably going to be the one answering, because while Poland is not often mad, he is almost always not in the mood for people. I listened for the voice. "Hey, it's West. I heard what happened with East. It's my lunch break so can I talk to him?"

That was the first time he didn't use the most formal words, but it sounded like him, I guess. Only countryhumans will address who they are, where they came from, and why and how they're here at the door. Honestly if somebody that isn't a countryhuman does it... why? It takes a lot of time to say, so I guess that's why we choose it as our secret signal.

Anyway I opened the door and it seemed like West. "Poland isn't in a good mood right now," I said. "To what extent?" he asked, his deadpan voice returning. I sighed. "Forks and spoons might as well be the same thing and I bet that old punching bag in the basement is about to be put to use again," I told him. There was a long silence that followed. "Are you okay after that..." he asked and I immediately knew what he was talking about.

"There are cracks all over your hands and arms," he mentioned. He knew Poland probably hadn't mentioned them since cracks on countryhumans is just something that he's incapable of healing. Besides, if you're not currently collapsing they're pretty much harmless and after they've formed, they don't hurt a bit. Actually, the fact that I had cracks really explained the blood coming from nonexistent wounds.

"I'm fine," I told him.

Fun fact: Poland typically hates socializing. Basically if you were to knock on his door and he came to it, consider yourself one of the luckiest people alive because he doesn't do that often. Anyway, hope you enjoyed!

Russia's Story Pt. 6

(Russia's pov)

"Привет Аляска (Hello Alaska)," my father said to the strange woman. So this was my aunt. I guess being tall runs in the family. Once she came closer, I could see that she was almost as tall as my father. Her face was almost entirely covered by her ushanka and a cloth around her face. What I could see of her face were her different eyes. Her left eye was gold, like my father's right eye. But unlike him, her other eye was blue, not red.

My father spoke up again. "Кстати, говори по-английски при моем сыне. Предполагается, что он учит язык (By the way, speak English in front of my son. He is supposed to be learning the language)."

I know this is in the middle of the story, but this is how Russia's parents taught him languages: by forcing him to learn the language, or else he is unable to communicate.

I looked at my aunt who seemed somewhat annoyed by the request. "Fine," she said. "But if dad finds out I'm going to slap you." We began to walk after that. It was very cold out here. Just as my dad had told me.

As we were walking, my father asked, "Does dad even know I come out here?" My aunt shook her head. "If he did, you bet he'd be yapping on about how he's so proud of you and how you're doing as a country and that he doesn't care what his people think of you and all that shit," she explained. I'd always heard that I had a living grandparent, but my father never told me who they were. Now both he and his older sister were talking about this "dad" person, which if I remembered correctly is a term for a parental figure in English, and I still didn't know who my other grandparent was. It kind of made me mad.

We eventually got to a small house. "This is where I stay when I'm

here," she told me. It was small, but had all the essentials. A fire place, an ice box for food, a table, a couch, a bed, and a door that I suspected led to the bathroom. Then I remembered something serious.

"What if Mr. America finds us here?" I asked. "He won't be happy if he finds other countryhumans in his country." My aunt Alaska looked at me, then my father, then back at me. She bent over laughing. "Wow, Soviet! I thought he was just pulling my leg for a second!" she said, still laughing. She eventually steadied herself before asking, "Are you going to tell him or should I?" Her smile stretched from ear to ear. Eventually my father sighed. "You can tell him," he said.

"So, you're worried that Mr. America is going to be mad at you for being in his country? Right?" she asked. I nodded. "Well what if I told you that he wouldn't be mad when he saw you, but absolutely ecstatic?" My eyes widened as she said that. "Why?" I asked. "Because he's your grandfather and," she pointed to herself and my father, "our dad."

I thought I made it clear that USSR was USA's son in a previous chapter, but I had one of my friends read through the story, and apparently, it wasn't very clear.

Also, I should be having more time to write for this next week because in the USA, we have something called Thanksgiving break, where we get a week off for a one-day holiday where all we do is eat food. I just added this because I didn't know whether people from other countries knew this.

Poland's Story Pt. 5

(Poland's pov)

I started eating my food. It wasn't the best, but Prussia was right. I really was hungry. Once I finished everything on my plate, he began to speak again. "Da ich mich um dich kümmern werde, werde ich dich in ein paar Tagen offiziell adoptieren (Since I will be taking care of you, I will officially be adopting you in a couple days). "

I looked up at him. I didn't want to lose my Polish heritage. For countryhumans, adoption was a much more serious thing. You may look the same, but you are no longer considered in the family you were once in. Countryhumans instinctively know how to speak their native language or languages. If I were adopted by Prussia, I would literally have to relearn Polish, a language I've been speaking all of my life. Not to mention, my physical appearance would be altered slightly. My ojciec taught me all about all the different families, and in the lesson about the German family, he told me that all of them have sharp, almost dagger-like, teeth.

He said something else. "Wenn es hilft, erhalten Sie nach meinem Tod einen Teil meines Landes und erhalten wahrscheinlich Ihr altes Land zurück (If it helps, you will receive some of my land after I die and you will likely get back your old land)," he told me, sensing my turmoil. It didn't help though. I was still losing everything about myself.

Back in my room, I stared up at the ceiling. My fate was sealed. Prussia had already organized the adoption ceremony. I would be forced into a role I never wanted and there was nothing I could do about it.

I heard a knock on my door. I just stared at it, knowing that the person on the other side would come in anyway. It was Prussia. "Da dies Ihr neues Zuhause sein wird, warum erkunden Sie es nicht? Das wird Sie auf andere Gedanken bringen (Since this will be your

new home, why not explore? It will take your mind off things)," he said to me. "Nie (no)," I said in return.

He ended up forcing me to explore anyway by dragging me around. After showing me how to get to the dinning hall, his bedroom, the bathrooms and the living area, he pulled me into what looked like a training area. "Wenn du älter bist, werde ich dir beibringen, wie man hier kämpft. Die Countryhumans müssen sich irgendwann einmal verteidigen, daher ist das eine nützliche Fähigkeit (When you're older, I will teach you how to fight here. Most countryhumans need to defend themselves at some point, so it's a useful skill)," Prussia told me.

I looked around the room at the different weapons. Some of the swords were wooden, some were real. I didn't really want to fight, but if I were ever to get my own country, it would be good to be able to fight back against any country that tried to invade me. Besides, the only way for a country to truly fall would be to kill its countryhuman and be sure they have no children left alive.

Poland can die, but he won't stay dead. He refuses to stay dead. Anyway, hope you enjoyed!

Guess Who's STILL Mad?

(East pov)

West and I continued talking. That is, until Poland said, "EAST, COME BACK INSIDE! Can you two stop talking? It's getting fucking annoying and I'm in a pretty shitty mood right now. Not to mention, someone could see you in your flag form! I don't feel like explaining to our dumb fuck neighbors why you have an East German flag on your face!"

I sighed. "Let's go inside and talk in the basement."

(West pov)

I have to admit, Poland sounded really mad. Normally he talked about his people with respect, sometimes even talking about how amazing they are. Honestly, hearing Poland that mad scared me half to death, but not enough to stop the excitement coursing through my veins that one of my dreams was coming true. My brother was finally inviting me into the house and not telling me to fuck off.

As I walked into the house, I saw that it was a small yet modest place. It wasn't super fancy like how some countryhumans had their houses (Ahem, USA, China, and France). Those countries had houses that looked so nice that you felt bad stepping on the floor in fear that you'll mess it up. I don't really want my house looking like that though. Just a house, large enough so that you're not cramped and small enough so that it's not much to clean is just perfect for me.

I looked at Poland who was glaring at me like I did something wrong. I hope I didn't. Maybe it's just a cultural difference and it's not something they do in my country, but they do here. I really hope that's not the case and that I didn't just majorly offend him or something.

Suddenly the alarm on my watch rang. Shit. "I must be taking leave. It does appear that my lunch break will be ending quite soon, and I wish to make it to my office with punctuality," said as I began to walk out the door. I calmly waved goodbye to Poland, who just glared at me more. For once, my emotionless façade broke and it was replaced by fear as I ran out the door, half-slamming it behind me.

(East pov)

I heard my brother squeak and I knew that, for once, his façade broke. I listened as he ran out the door. I realized that he was probably looking at Poland, who was still absolutely fuming from earlier. I kind of wanted to just tell him, 'Papa Poland, no offence, but you really need to chill,' but decided against it because he's in the kind of mood where he will snap your neck if you talk to him about something he doesn't really care for input on.

He saw me looking in his general direction (which normally meant that I wanted to tell him something). "The fuck do you want?" he asked. I started to look in directions I didn't think he was in as I said, "Oh, sorry! Didn't mean to stare, just kind of... zoned out." It was half true at least. He looked away from me and I did a silent sigh of relief.

I walked back to the couch and began to pet Admiral.

Hope you enjoyed this. Yeah, Poland can be really dangerous if he wants to be. Also, any Polish people reading this, did West actually do anything (or not do something) that would be considered offensive? Or is it just that Poland's really mad and not in the mood for company?

Russia's Story Pt 7

Before you read this, did you know that America (or USA) in my AU didn't start wearing sunglasses until his youngest son- USSR- died in 1991?

(Russia's pov)

I looked up at my aunt and my eyes widened. "My grandfather is America?" I asked to make sure I heard it right. My father's work relationship with him is really bad, so I didn't expect them to be related. My aunt Alaska nodded.

Suddenly a knock came from the door. "Hey, Alaska! I need your help getting the states together!" It was Mr. America. "Russia," my father whispered to me, "go hide under the bed."

I nodded, despite having a lot of questions. I got under the bed just as the door was opened. There stood a tall man with the US flag on his face. He wasn't as tall as my father or my aunt, but he was definitely taller than a lot of my siblings. He looked at my father and I saw his face light up.

"Oh my gosh! USSR, are you back? You've grown so much! You used to be so tiny!" He went on and on about how he's so proud of my father. "Oh," he said, his voice becoming more serious. "By the way, did you drop China yet?" My father shook his head. "Well you need to before you start having kids."

Wait, my father hadn't told Mr. America that my siblings and I existed? My father looked away from America. My grandfather looked at my father and his eyes widened. "I have grandkids?" he asked before squealing in joy. "When can I meet them? Do they look like you? Do they look like me? Are they-" he was cut off by my father slapping a hand over his mouth. "I brought one with me, but if you don't calm down then I won't tell you anything. Also, don't act so extraverted around him. He's never met someone he hasn't known since either the day he was born or the day they were born.

Well, he has, but most of them kept to themselves," my father explained, pulling his hand away. My grandfather nodded.

My father looked in my direction and motioned that I could come out from under the bed. I did as I was told and walked over to my dad. The American bent down to my level and said, "Aww! You look so much like how your father did when he was your age!" He looked at my father. "Did he inherit your cute little bear ears?" he asked. My father turned red in embarrassment and nodded.

After several more questions, my father and I left. The air felt warmer now that the chill of the early morning had started to fade. We went back across the Bering Strait, which took about an hour. Then, I guessed we were going back towards Siberia's house. I was surprised when my dad walked right past it, despite the fact that it was going to get dark soon. My father pulled out his World Knife just 15 minutes after we past Siberia's house. We were going home. "Why did you pack so much if we weren't staying very long?" I asked my father. "I was planning on us staying longer, but I didn't want your grandfather being involved in our private conversations," my father explained as he used his World knife again so that we were almost to our house.

Hope you enjoyed. Thank you to everyone that made it this far. If you made it through the two chapters about work (yeah, those were the most boring things I've ever written) then good job! You have more will to read this book than I do to write it! I'm thinking about what I'm going to write after I'm done with this book (This is the end of the Russia's backstory thing) because we're getting pretty close to the end. Do any of you want me to do a continuation of this book (A), one of my other AU's (B), or do you guys want to see the backstories of other characters become their own stories (C)? I won't count these votes up until I've written and am ready to publish the last chapter of the book, so you have plenty of time.

The Meeting of the Nations is Coming

(East pov)

Poland seemed like he was in a much better mood today. We sat and ate breakfast together. "Today's going to be a bit different," he said, almost smiling. "Why?" I asked. He only said 5 words, but those five words were the most exciting yet terrifying words he possibly could have said. "The Meeting of the Nations."

This would be my first Meeting so I was a little nervous. Especially considering the things I've heard about it. I know that there are essentially no rules but there is one rule: what happens during the Meeting can only be talked about at a Meeting. "Can you remind me of the rules?" I asked him. "There aren't any rules except don't talk about what happens," he put simply. "But didn't you say that even killing countries is okay?"

"Of course. There are no rules. Besides- whoops! Almost talked about the Meeting! Can't have that slipping out!" Poland laughed a bit. He for some reason was always in a better mood right after he got mad. I never understood it.

"Anyway," he said. "We better be going soon."

(Poland pov)

I wasn't in my usual work attire. Instead, I was dressed more like I was about to go into a warzone. Well, the Meeting of the Nations did sometimes get that bad. It only lasts 48 hours, but more countryhuman blood is shed in those 48 hours than there has been in any other war. It was a good thing that everyone who died at the Meeting of the Nations came back to life or else we countryhumans wouldn't exist anymore because all of us would be dead.

I looked at the clock. "Let's go," I told East. We walked to the area

where we normally teleported to Countryhuman City, and, right on time, a portal appeared in front of us. I pulled East into the portal and we fell into a white void for a few minutes. "What's going on?" East asked. "It might not feel like it," I said, "But we're traveling to where the Meeting takes place."

"And where is that?" he asked. All I told him was, "You'll see."

We then started to glitch, which was normal. "W-w-we're al-al-m-m-m-most th-th-th-th-th-ere," I told him. Unfortunately, the glitching made me hard to understand. Suddenly it felt like I was being crushed, but also being stretched. Almost like what someone would expect falling past the event horizon on a black hole would feel like. I heard East scream. I wasn't surprised. While this wouldn't kill us, it still hurt a lot.

We found ourselves standing on solid ground, but certainly dizzy and struggling to keep our balance as we arrived, just like the other countryhumans who had gotten there. A semi-robotic voice spoke. "All injuries you have received in your lives are now being undone and any disabilities are now removed from you. We do not wish for someone to be less able to defend themselves. Now, the Meeting of the Nations will begin in one hour. In the meantime, you can help yourselves to refreshments."

East looked in my direction as if silently asking what the robotic voice meant by "All injuries you have received in your lives are being undone." I walked up to him and took off his sunglasses and his eyes immediately widened. "I... can see," he said, a joyful smile crossing his face.

This is the 4th chapter I've written today. Enjoy. If I can get it up to 5, I will.

Poland's Story Pt 6

(Poland pov)

The day of the adoption ceremony was today. I hated it. I didn't want it to happen yet the day came upon me in only a short while. I had heard about adoption ceremonies from people who had witnessed them, but never from the people that actually went through with them.

I stared at the clock in my room, wishing that I could just stop time and not go through with the ceremony for at least a few more hours. But... the clock kept ticking. Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock.

I heard a knock on my door, as I always did about 10 minutes before an important event. "Sind Sie bereit (Are you ready)?" Prussia asked me. "Czy mam wybór (Do I have a choice)?" I replied. "Nein."

I was pulled into an empty room. Prussia sat down on the ground and gestured for me to do the same. "Machen Sie es sich bequem (Make yourself comfortable)," he said. I did as I was told.

Prussia drew some weird symbol in the air and then threw his eyepatch at me. "Fang (Catch)," he told me as he threw it. I caught it but immediately flung it away as my fingers where I caught it began to turn black. The blackness began to fade from my fingers, but I could still see it go through my veins. "Die Zeremonie hat begonnen (The ceremony has begun)," he said looking at me with his one eye and smiling. The other eye had not only been ripped out, but the skin and bone that had surrounded the eye was terribly messed up. I gulped at the sight of it.

"Sag Hallo von mir (Say hello for me)," he requested. My mouth acted on it's own accord and said, "Cześć (hello)," I coughed a couple times after that, but I didn't notice any other changes. He smiled wider than usual and said, "Seien Sie froh, dass Sie noch jung genug sind, um Ihre bleibenden Zähne einfach so scharf

wachsen zu lassen wie meine (Be glad that you are still young enough to let your permanent teeth grow in as sharp as mine)."

He put his eyepatch back on and lead me back to my room. So that was it? I didn't feel any different. At least, not until I started feeling really tired for no apparent reason. It was just like I was fine and then I felt like I was going to pass out right then and there.

I curled up onto my bed and fell asleep.

I woke up and got up from my bed. It was almost 8 in the morning, the time that Prussia normally liked to have breakfast. I headed towards the dinning room. I entered and saw that Prussia was already eating his breakfast. He looked up at me and a delighted smile appeared on his face. "Es ist schön, dich nach drei Tagen wach zu sehen (It's nice to see you awake after three days)," he told me. Three days? Had it really been that long? "Drei Tage-" I stopped myself. Why did I just speak German? His smile somehow managed to grow even larger as he said, "Willkommen in der deutschen Familie (Welcome to the German family)."

I put this in an earlier chapter, but I do want to make sure as many people see this as possible, because I might end the story before the end of this week and I want to give people time to think through their answer. I'm thinking about what I'm going to write after I'm done with this book because we're getting pretty close to the end. Do any of you want me to do a continuation of this book (A), one of my other AU's (B), or do you guys want to see the backstories of other characters become their own stories (C)? I won't count these votes up until I've written and am ready to publish the last chapter of the book, so you have plenty of time.

How it Came to Be

(East's pov)

I couldn't believe it! I could see again! After 75 years I could see again! I swear I could've cried out of happiness right then and there. I looked at Poland, a face that wouldn't have changed much in that 75 years only to see him as a shell of what I remember him as. He was quite thin even though he ate way more than me and had eyebags deeper than most people. But it was still him. That gentle yet stern red gaze was still there, smiling.

I looked over to the refreshment area to see USA talking with someone. To be honest I'd have to hear their voice to figure it out. Poland looked over to where I was looking. "What the hell is Russia doin here? I thought China wasn't going to let him come!" he remarked. That was Russia? He looked so different! His flag was completely different from how it used to look and when he was 13, he would've only been a bit taller than where his waist currently stood. I've heard that boys shoot up in height when they're teenagers, but surely this is a little more than what they meant.

We walked over to see what they were talking about. "But where did all of this even come from?" Russia asked. "I have the same question," I said. USA looked at me. Weird. Everyone always said he wore sunglasses, but he wasn't. The eye in the blue, star covered, quarter of his face was a deep blue with black whites of the eye and a white pupil and the other eye was red. And by red I mean the whole eye except for the pupil was red. "Well why don't you two sit down. Poland knows how this place came to be because he was involved in it. Of course, he's waaaay to young to know the whole story," USA explained. "I was the one who first thought that we should have one day every once in a while where we would get to treat each other however we wanted to without having to worry about what our people thought of each other. Of course, we really didn't have anywhere to do that all the way back in 1703 without worrying about someone getting killed, so it was put on hold."

Then my father spoke up. "That is, until the same person who created Countryhuman City was born: Your grandfather, German Empire. Of course, I called him Reichtangle because when he was in his form his head turned into a rectangle. Annoyed him, but it was fun. Anyway, where was I? Oh right. His strong power was to create pocket dimensions and his weak power was to create objects that allowed people to travel to these pocket dimensions. Of course since we had to worry about countryhumans being killed, we had to get some other people to help him out."

USA cut in. "And those people were Poland and Lithuania. Lithuania inherited a special power from her father: the eternity power. It allowed it so that when you are taken out of the pocket dimension, it will feel like you never even entered, even though you will have memories of it. Of course the healing any wound you've ever had and getting rid of disabilities is obviously a Poland thing. Though after casting the spell he slept for like a week."

Well, end of this chapter ig. Also, when it comes to countries that started out as colonies, when the first colony is established on the land where they become a country is the day they were born. For example, USA was born in August of 1585, making him 438 years old. Hope you enjoyed the chapter!

Let the Meeting of the Nations Begin

(Poland pov)

I chatted with a few countries before we heard the robotic voice call out again. "Any deaths that occur during the next 48 hours will be undone when their body exits the realm. Everything that happens here shall not be discussed anywhere else, that is your one rule. We will not give you weapons. Your powers alone may be used as weapons. Let the Meeting of the Nations begin in 3..." everyone, including me, got into position to either defend themselves, or attack someone. "2..." we all started pulling out weapons we brought with us or activating our powers. "1..." the air of the room seemed to stop circulating for the last second. Not a single person moved. It was the last second before chaos erupted. It was unlikely that less than half of us weren't going to die today. "Go."

The room echoed with the firing of guns, screaming, bones cracking. I searched for my target, not knowing if they were even here. It wasn't Russia. That's when I saw her. Her crimson skin and star shaped iris were hard to miss. China. "Hello, bitch," I said as I teleported just a couple meters away from her. She looked at me. "Poland! Has 60 years of not ripping someone's head off finally made you start to break?"

"Shut up," I said. She had no right to talk about my past like that. I pulled my sword out. Prussia might not have been very good at parenting, but he was really good at teaching people how to use a sword. She pulled out a pistol and aimed directly at me. Eh. Not the first time I brought a sword to a gunfight. I still won all of those. Besides, when bullets hit me my body heals so quickly that the bullet just shoots back to where it came from. My healing abilities were back to the way they used to be thanks to the healing spell I put on this place all those years ago.

150 years ago to be exact.

China shot. It hit me in the head, but before I could become unconscious, it fired right back at her. She already knew that would happen and shifted over to the side immediately after she pulled the trigger. It still hit her shoulder though. "Why shoot at me when you know that it's just going to come right back at you?" I asked. It sounded sarcastic, but I was curious. Why was she wasting bullets on someone like me when she already knew it wouldn't work?

After she shot at me a couple more times I realized what she was doing. She was wearing out my patience. She was trying to get me back to the way I was when Prussia took care of me. Like I was going to let her do that.

I stabbed her through the heart and began to pull up with the sword. I had made sure it's blade was as sharp and strong as I could get it just for a moment like this. The blade slithered up through her neck and cut her upper body in half. Blood stained my sword and the faint stench of iron filled my lungs.

I looked back towards East. He stood there, terrified. I forgot that I'd never killed someone in front of him. I looked past him to see Russia crying with joy that his mother was dead, even if only for a short while.

I don't know why this took me so long. Maybe because I was so excited to write about China getting killed that I forgot that I had to build up to that point. She'll be back though... unfortunately for Russia.

The Meeting of the Nations Has Begun

(East's pov)

Poland looked at me as if he had done stuff like this a million times before. But he just killed someone! I knew he could be violent when he wanted to be, but I didn't think he'd just cut someone in half like that so calmly!

He knelt down next to the body and I saw him draw something next to her with her own blood. It said, "This is why people don't piss me off," and signed his name at the bottom. He looked back up and appeared surprised that I was behind him. "Sorry you saw that," he said, somewhat detached. "I haven't gotten to kill anyone in a while so I guess I went a bit overkill."

It kind of scared me to see him being so casual after he just killed someone. He spoke again. "I warned you that the Meeting was going to be really violent. You might as well have expected me to kill someone." I paused for a second then said, "I just didn't expect you to seem so calm about killing." He nodded.

Poland stood up and we walked towards the snack area where Poland cleaned the blood off his hands with a napkin.

He looked at me for a second then pushed my head onto the counter. What the hell was he doing? Just a second later, I could see a hole in his head that vanished just as soon as it came. He took his hand off the back of my head and said, "Someone missed their target and the bullet came flying over here." I raised my head back up cautiously.

A little smile played on Poland's face. "Do you remember when you and Ukraine would play-fight just in case you had to actually fight?" he asked. A wave of nostalgia hit me. The way we laughed. Most of the time I couldn't hit her. She was older and hence had more

experience. She was also surprisingly strong even when she was pretty young. I guess growing up like we did, you had to toughen up fast. "Yeah," I told Poland. I let myself smile a bit.

One of the Japan twins, specifically the girl, walked up to us. "Poland! I saw you killed China!" she said, smiling. "Good riddance to that 雌犬 (bitch), am I right?" Poland maniacally laughed. "Yeah, it was fun. Especially seeing her face right after I stabbed her," he said. Japan's cat tail wagged.

Sometimes it was kind of hard to talk to both twins when they were around because they were both named Japan. They both had little cat ears and cat tails and could turn into cats on command. I wish I could turn into a cat too. Alas... I am not like my siblings.

Japan looked over to me and her face lit up. "Aww! If it isn't my little brother!" she said, picking me up. Japanese people might be known for being short, but Japan was quite tall. Even taller than me. That's not saying much though because most people, especially countryhumans, were. She was also quite a bit older though. I always told myself that that was why she was so much taller. I mean, she was 28, going on 29 in less than a week, when I was born.

Don't worry, they'll be getting out of the Meeting soon. I'm really hoping I didn't offend someone from my audience if they're from Japan. Other than that, hope you enjoyed!

The End of the Meeting

(Poland pov)

I woke up to see absolute chaos unfolding. What did I expect? Even if it was day 3 of the Meeting of the Nations, some of these countries had been racking up anger for 30 years! Some of us even longer than that. 30+ years of stored up anger can't all just be let out in one day! Thankfully we'd be allowed to go back to our homes in just under an hour.

While several countryhumans were fighting, even more were just talking to each other. Most of them were countries that had bad relationships but their countryhumans were good friends. It was kind of nice to see them getting along.

Beside me, I shook East awake. "Dzień dobry (Good morning) sleepyhead," I said as his eyes fluttered open. "Better enjoy your last hour of being able to see for at least 30 more years... and of China being dead."

He looked sad after I said that. "So I'll go back to not being able to see after we leave?" he asked. I nodded. I handed him his sunglasses and we walked off and saw Belarus.

"Ах! Польшча, Усход, так даўно я вас дваіх не бачыў (Ah! Poland, East, I haven't seen you two for so long)!" Belarus shouted upon seeing us. Weird how we hadn't bumped into her before, but I'm glad we did bump into her eventually. She's a nice girl, despite the fact that she tricked her own father into believing she was a good kid. She was actually asking for things to give to us after she got promoted to second favorite child. We probably would've starved without her help.

"I can't believe that we've barely spoken since my бацька (father) died!" she continued. She soon began to ramble, which she does frequently. I always enjoyed how she always spoke her mind about everything. She always said everything with the confidence of a

toddler while she had the maturity of a grown woman. Eventually she noticed that she was rambling and apologized. I told her that it was okay and East and I walked away.

East and I soon stumbled across two dead countries. Italy and Greece. They looked as if they'd been killed by the same person. I saw West camped not to far away and started to connect the dots. Italy and Greece were in a lot of debt. West was becoming very impatient. West used his strong power of summoning weapons to summon a knife and stabbed them.

I looked over to East and he looked more annoyed than disgusted. I guess he'd gotten used to the putrid smell of blood and seeing corpses sprawled across the ground after three days of constantly seeing this. Suddenly East spoke up. "I feel kind of bad for Italy." I nodded in agreement. I mean, I know they didn't remember how Italy took care of them when they were infants and it was being discussed on who would take care of them, but it was moments like this where it almost felt like they did.

Suddenly, the air around us shifted and pulled us into a tiny portal. In a single white flash we were back home. "And I'm blind again," East complained.

Only a few chapters left people! After I finish this story, I will be needing ideas on what to do next! Feel free to share your ideas in the comments!

Splintering Skin

(Poland's pov)

After the Meeting, it was time to go back to work. Of course, humans still haven't learned to function without us countryhumans, so the country was probably going to be in total disarray.

"Unfortunately now we have to go to work," I told East. He sighed. We walked towards the door and then to the area where we teleport to Countryhuman City.

------Time skip-------

The moment I entered my office, I saw 3 individuals looking exhausted. "Oh, thank goodness you're back!" one said upon seeing me. Apparently they were supposed to take care of my job the past couple days. They hired three people and those three people looked exhausted. Maybe they would consider lightening my workload soon.

I shooed them away and got to work.

Later in the day, I started looking over and signing documents. East was clicking some pens, bored. I began to sign one of the documents after I'd looked over it. But just as my pen touched the paper, there was a large crimson dot and the smell of iron emanated from it. Blood. I looked at the pen and the blood appeared to be oozing down the side.

I looked down at my hand. Fuck. I thought I had more time before this started happening. There were cracks covering my hand. They were slowly, but surely spreading. I grabbed bandages from a drawer in my desk and wrapped both of my arms in it, knowing that by the end of the day the cracks probably would've spread that far.

I thought I could hide it for a bit longer. But it looks like the side

effect of keeping East alive was finally starting to show itself. Keeping East alive was slowly killing me. It had been for 33 years. But why now? Well... I guess I might have used a little too much energy at the Meeting of the Nations.

It's fine though. East will end up taking over the country. He's responsible and it'll automatically heal his blindness. I guess my death would shake him up pretty badly. I'll be fine though.

(East's pov)

I smelled blood. Where from though? I walked over to ask Poland, but was shocked when the smell became stronger. "Papa Poland, are you okay?" I asked. He replied, "Fine." By his tone, I could tell he was definitely injured in some way, but his pain tolerance is so high that it could be anything from a papercut to getting his arm ripped off. "Okay," I said, sitting back down.

We went back home late. About midnight to be exact. Poland had allowed me to get more sleep while he was working, but he gets less sleep than me every night. Not to mention, he's seemed more tired than usual in recent months. It's made me start to worry.

Suddenly, I smelled blood again. This time much stronger than last. I swear, you would think Poland would have bled to death by now. He'd been losing so much blood today and wouldn't tell me why. I was worrying about him. No, not just that. I was scared.

I'll be working on the grand finale for a while. I really want to make sure it's perfect. Anyway, hope you enjoyed this chapter.

Heart Broken

(East pov)

I woke up that morning on my own. I tapped on my clock so that it read me the time. I suspected that it was before I normally got up, but I was shocked when it said 6:37 am. I got up out of my bed and once I exited my dark room, Admiral started going crazy. He howled and barked and ran circles around me.

"What happened?" I asked him. He grabbed my arm in his mouth and dragged me to Poland's room. I cautiously opened the door and immediately smelled blood. I ran over to where the smell was strongest and could feel a crumpled form laying on the bed.

"Well, shit," it said. Poland. "I kind of hoped I would just die in the night and not have to bother you." My eyes widened when he said this. "Papa Poland, please!" I pleaded. He couldn't die! He was the closest thing I had to a dad. "You can't!" I began to cry. "I need you! Please, Papa!"

He grabbed my arm. I could feel the deep cracks in his skin. "East, pull yourself together!" he commanded me, though it was so strained that I could've sworn he'd die right then. "You look pitiful when you cry. And don't worry about me. I'll be fine. Just like you." It sounded like there was a smile on his face. How could he be smiling? He was about to die!

Blood seeped onto my arm from his hand. How did he even have any left in his body? Then, I felt it. He was disintegrating. Turning to dust right there. That was when he said his final words before death: "I'm not going anywhere, East."

He was gone. He was really gone. He was dead and I felt like it was my fault. My legs felt like jelly and I fell down onto my knees. Giant, warm tears poured down my face and I just sat there.

I started being able to see, but it came and went rapidly. At the

same time though... how was I regaining my vision? Eventually, I fully regained it and stood up. I looked around the room and my gaze drifted to a mirror. I froze.

There on my face, was not the East German flag. It was the Polish flag. No, this couldn't be right. I stepped back a bit.

Suddenly, his phone rang. It was EU. Oh shit. How do I explain this? Last time I checked, nobody has ever had to take care of their adopted parent's nation after said adopted parent died from keeping them alive! It went to voicemail.

Then my phone rang. "Hello?" I said instinctively as I answered. "How sick is he?" EU asked. I knew what he was talking about. Countryhumans are required to go to work unless they're running a 38°C fever or more. "He's not sick," I explained, my voice still shaking since I was crying. "Then what is he doing off from work?" she asked, clearly annoyed.

I couldn't hold back anymore. I started whimpering and sniffling. "He- he-" EU understood what I was trying to say. "When?" she asked. "Just a *sniff* few minutes ago," I replied.

There was a long silence that fell over us. Well, as silent as it can be with me bawling into the phone. "I'll send a few people over," she told me. Then, she hung up.

I promise, the next chapter will be a lot better.

The Phoenix

(East pov)

What did EU mean by she'd send some people over? Who was she sending? What do I do?

A knock came to the door and I answered without hesitation. It was Hungary, America, and Ukraine. Their eyes widened when they saw me. Seeing me with a Polish flag was still new to them. My eyes were probably still red and puffy from crying. Ukraine was the first to get over the shock. She looked like she was about to cry as she said, "Can we see where he..." She trailed off but I knew what she meant. I let all of them in.

Ukraine gasped when I showed them the room. The sheets really were blood-soaked. The stench of iron filled the air. The ground where I cried was wet. I guess I had been crying for quite a while. Ukraine and I both hung our heads low.

"So how long are you gonna bet before he's back?" USA asked. I jerked my head up. How dare he just act like Poland wasn't actually dead? "5-10 minutes," Hungary replied. Now that confused me. Poland and Hungary were friends. Hungary would never disrespect him, so what was happening here?

I began to cry again. Luckily it was only small tears this time. "You guys are acting like he's alive and about to come right through that door when he's not. He's dead!" I told them. After a few seconds of silence, both USA and Hungary burst out into laughter. They doubled over, still laughing. In the middle of their laughing fit Hungary said, "Oh, East, Poland can't stay dead as long as there's a chunk of land where his country is!"

Tears continued to pour from my eyes. "You don't understand! He-he- well, he's-"

"Right behind ya!" a familiar voice said. No way, it couldn't be him, right? I looked over my shoulder and there he was, sitting on the bed as if nothing happened. I stepped toward him slowly, then ran over and buried my face into his arms. "Papa, don't scare me like that!"

He hugged back. "And you don't call me papa when there's people around ever again!" he said jokingly.

Ukraine ran over and hugged too. Both of us cried tears of joy. How did he come back? You know what? That doesn't matter. He's here now.

--------Time skip--------

(Poland pov)

I have to admit, with East helping me my job was a lot easier. But my favorite thing about us running the country together is definitely that I don't have to worry about East so much. Sometimes I'll forget though and tell him not to get too far away. He'll remind me, of course and we laugh it off.

Of course, West was pretty shocked by how his brother became part of the Polish family without an adoption ceremony. Thankfully he didn't want to do any tests. Of course, most older countries already knew I could die and just come back no matter what, but I was bombarded by questions from some of the younger countries.

Well, I guess it has been pretty nice now days. Unfortunately, China's still a bitch, but Russia has began to step up to her. Russia himself is at least trying to convince his leaders to stop the war with Ukraine, but that's not working too well right now. Oh, and I finally got USA to go to therapy. It seems like things are finally going to calm down around here now, or at least, that's what I'm hoping.

THE END

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And here you have it, the end of the story. I cried writing the last chapter and I knew this was going to happen. It's fine

though. Anyway, I shall return to the void until I can come up with another good story to write. Hope you enjoyed and goodbye.